

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

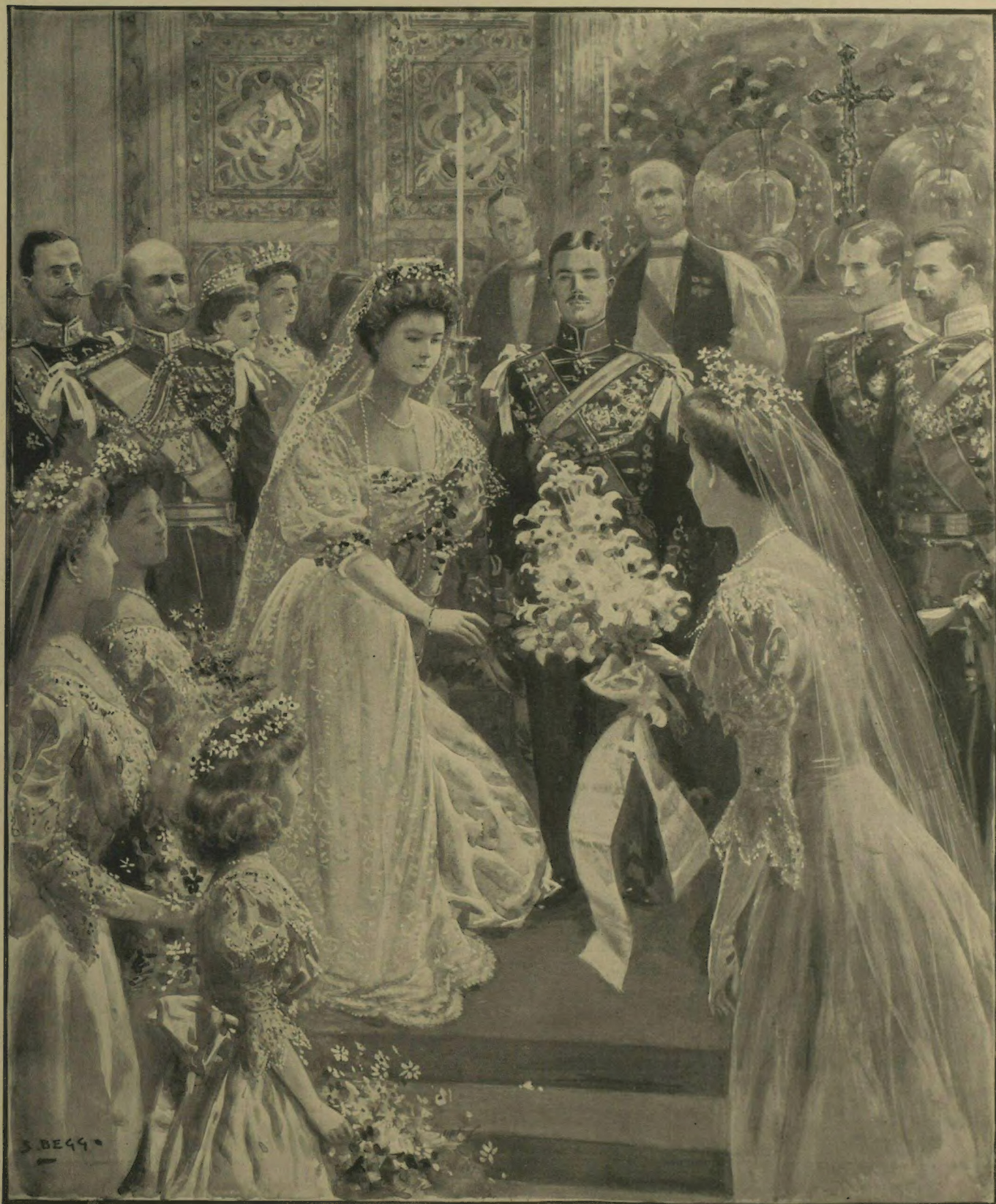
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AFTER THE ROYAL WEDDING : PRINCESS GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN RECEIVING BACK HER BOUQUET FROM HER SISTER, PRINCESS PATRICIA.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

During the wedding ceremony, Princess Patricia held her sister's bouquet, and handed it back just before the newly married Prince and Princess turned to leave the chapel.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

There is talk about manners at the Opera; how people resort there, not to hear divine music, but to chatter of their private concerns; whereas the music-lovers are indignant. To have Wagner with a libretto of gossip seems to be the height of recreation for some opera-goers. Why do they go? Is it fashion, display, the need to be somewhere after dinner? Does a sparkling dame remark, "I have a box at the Opera with rather a high rent. I like to use it now and then, just to feel that the money isn't wasted"; or does she say with frank simplicity, "Come along with me to the Opera; we'll continue our chat there"? I put this question to a social observer, who said—"You writing fellows make so little allowance for the wear-and-tear of life in Society. Do you really know why two women sit in an opera-box (I see that one of you has rudely called it a chatter-box) absorbed in conversation? No, you don't know; you think it is callous indifference to the comfort of people who want to hear the music. You never suspect that these harassed ladies have not had a moment to themselves all day. They have been visiting, shopping, entertaining; they have had no privacy in their own or other homes; they have dined—the usual loud dinner-party, where people gabble what they don't think; and now these two poor creatures have found refuge in the opera-box, where they can murmur to each other the secrets of their hunted lives, in all the vital intimacy of friendship, enveloped and sheltered by Wagnerian tempests—and now, I say, you would deny them this solace and resource, and prate about their manners!"

This view of the case, I must confess, had never struck me. We expect people to observe rules that happen to suit us; to listen quietly to the opera because we want to listen; and we do not reflect that the complexity of Society may force these two women to talk for dear life through a whole act. Who knows that when Wagner wrote some of his *fortissimo* passages he was not saying to himself, with a benevolent smile: "I have been accused of making shameless use of all conceivable noises; but a little noise here may protect two suffering hearts, fugitive from the clamour of the world, and communing with each other under cover of my majestic and slightly turbulent Muse"? I cannot help seeing the force of this, but wish the suffering hearts would take a box at the Empire, where an energetic performer plays the kettledrums. Amidst his furious tattoo you might tell your neighbour anything, and nobody's finer feelings would be injured. Or when Adeline Genée, in her most entrancing *pas*, is filling the stage with a vision of gossamer delight, a silvery murmur from fair lips would not be amiss. "I don't agree with you," says my social observer rather tartly. "When the Genée dances, all must be still. I cannot have that delicious harmony marred by the tattle of mere sight-seers. Sir, she is the Spirit of Comedy, lissom and piquant; she is Meredith's rogue in porcelain; she is Shakspeare's Dream of Midsummer Night." He went on with this rhapsody until I decided not to murmur my heart's secrets in his ear when we are looking at that vision together.

The doctors of New York, says a telegram, are urging the men of business there to linger over their repasts. Some malady with the pleasant name of cerebral meningitis is traced by the faculty to the "quick lunch." At the boarding-house which Martin Chuzzlewit frequented dinner was over before he had eaten his preliminary clam. That dangerous celerity still prevails. "Observe the English," say the New York doctors to their impatient patients. "They eat, as the song says, with a pensive nonny nonny, and a sad ohé; but how healthful! They may not be as spry as you; but they are more robust; they are not used up at thirty-two. Take your summer trip to London, and study its dietetic repose." This is why they swarm in Northumberland Avenue just now. You hear their cheerful greetings in the hall of the Metropole. "Hallo, Si! brought your rocking-chair?" "You'd better say Silas," that gentleman responds; "it takes longer, and we've got to linger longer over everything in this dreamy town, I guess. Doctor's orders!" To see them lingering over dinner is a sight indeed; it is as if every man felt that his medical adviser stands behind his chair, watch in hand. Moreover, it is a dinner which encourages procrastination. I dined with a friend at the Metropole last week, and had to be gently reminded by him that Mr. George Alexander and Madame Simone Le Bary could not begin "The Man of the Moment" at the St. James's Theatre without us.

Silas, I imagine, was new to London, for he listened between the courses to a tale of our historic associations. He heard with emotion that the Long Bar at the Criterion was no more—the Long Bar at the "Cri,"

as we used to call it with the exuberant affection of younger days. "Criterion is better," he interposed thoughtfully; "it takes longer; that's in the prescription!" I never saw any man more resolute than Silas to obey his doctor in word and deed. He had read of the Long Bar's demise in the morning and the evening papers; such obituary notices as mark the close of an epoch in our history. There was sadness in Piccadilly Circus; there was a sigh in the tents of Shem; there were anecdotes of the days when Japhet in search of a father would have found him probably in the Long Bar. And now from its ashes rose the Marble Restaurant; and Silas, I could see, already dreamt that he lunched in marble halls, and lingered there in hygienic ecstasy! Will he permit me, in honour of this theme, to dedicate to him these humble verses?—

Had I the voice of lark or mavis,
Or cookery of Newham-Davis;
Had I the lyre of Mrs. Hemans,
Or frolic rhymes like Owen Seaman's;
Or gift of tongues to cry "Avanti!"
(This means a banquet *chez Guffanti*)—
Had I all these and kindred wishes,
I'd sing and celebrate the dishes,
Which, like the Nymphs who captured Hylas,
Weave magic round the lingering Silas!

Are we to celebrate the Anglo-Japanese Alliance by eating bracken? Baron Suyematsu has given directions in the *Times* how to cook it. I am rather mystified by the recipe; perhaps the gallant Colonel aforementioned understands it; but I gather that we must possess our souls in patience until next spring, when the bracken will be young and curly. It may come in with spring cabbage. There is a prejudice, of course, against all new ideas. "What!" cried a friend of mine, who has some culinary lore, "Desolate our hearths, spoil the prospects of our landscape-painters, to put the beautiful bracken into a pot! Butcher the glories of Nature to make a Japanese beanfeast! Never!" This seems to me a little extravagant. My friend takes it so much to heart that he declares he will have something *à la Russe* in his daily menu. Should this meet the eye of the Mikado, I hope he will not have misgivings about the attitude of Britain towards the cause of Japan. The British kitchen is intensely conservative; but Silas, I reckon, will want to eat bracken before he goes home. Will some landed proprietor with plenty of heath (the experiment will not blast it) collect some of last season's bracken; it may not be too late? Will the vegetarians be up and doing? One of them sends me a list of their athletic achievements. They have broken "world's records" on a vegetable diet. What will they not do when they take to bracken? When it comes to physical endurance, look at the Japanese.

One thing is certain: bracken will not pamper man or boy. Housekeepers at schools should regard it with a favourable eye—I mean the schools where the boarders are said to be fattened out of all reason. The newspapers abounded a few weeks ago in complaints about the hard living of growing lads, who bivouac like soldiers after scanty rations. Now the Dean of Canterbury tells another tale. Boys are coddled, says the Dean; they wash their hands in hot water and indulge in shower-baths. Is diving into river or sea effeminate luxury? If not, what is the moral difference between taking a header into water and pouring it on your head? Perhaps the Dean will frown on bracken as a Capuan indulgence, because it is said to be not unlike asparagus in flavour. All dainties have a magnetic family tie; and you can never tell what the flavour of asparagus may lead to. Coddled on bracken, a boy may expect hot-house grapes and pineapple. As for hot water, as some astute person remarks in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, it has the advantage of making you clean; whereas cold water, especially in winter, is apt to leave you still a trifle of grime. Whether it is better to be Spartan and grimy, or clean and—what shall I say?—coddly, is a problem which demands a special intellectual training.

But the suggestion of some authorities that the school discipline will be more effectual if the senior boys are allowed to smoke seems rather hazardous. Brain-workers and bread-winners plead that tobacco is an infinite solace when toil and anguish wring the brow. Can Jones Major be properly described as a brain-worker and a bread-winner? Does his over-taxed mind threaten to give way unless a Flor de Cuba comes to the rescue? It is argued that Jones Major is a persistent and surreptitious smoker already; and that if the habit be authorised within certain prescribed limits, the headmaster can lay his head on his pillow with the assurance that before morning Jones Major will not have set the house on fire. If that were his state of mind, the headmaster would be a very confiding person. And what of Jones Minor in the small hours? Suppose he should "prig what isn't his'n"—abstract his brother's cigarettes, and puff discipline out of the window or up the chimney?

THE PLAYHOUSES.

MADAME MAETERLINCK'S RECITALS AT THE CRITERION.

Madame Georgette Le Blanc Maeterlinck, wife of the famous Belgian dramatist and mystic, is giving at the Criterion Theatre a most singular and interesting series of special matinees wherein she combines singing, lecturing, and recitations. As a reciter of exquisite verse this charming actress has already won a considerable Continental reputation, and on Friday of last week she fully justified her fame in her rendering of some little gems of old Japanese and Chinese poetry translated into—French by Madame Judith Gautier. Very piquant are these fragments, with their Oriental spirit and their carefully finished Gallic form, and Madame Maeterlinck brings out the smooth cadences and exotic sentiment of the verses with a happy combination of imaginative sympathy and an appreciation of verbal music. The actress also sang, rather in monotone, certain of the poems as set to music by that impressionist composer, M. Gabriel Fabre, and preluded her recital with a "conference" treating of these Oriental pieces. Another of her programmes is devoted to the poems and songs of her husband, M. Maeterlinck, who could hardly find a more appreciative interpreter.

MADAME BERNHARDT IN "ANGLO," AT THE CORONET.

Probably neither "Hernani" nor "Ruy Blas" would ever have won its way to a worldwide and historical celebrity if Victor Hugo had not afforded the ultra-romanticism of the plots a setting of lyrical verse. That, at any rate, is the conclusion suggested by Madame Sarah Bernhardt's revival of Hugo's prose-play, "Angelo, Tyrant of Padua," which, having no gorgeous poetic dress to hide its nakedness, stands revealed to-day as a mere piece of stage mechanism combining all the stalest devices of old-fashioned melodrama. Its story is quite mathematically simple, for its titular character, Angelo, is a jealous mediæval tyrant who has a wife and a mistress, both of whom are indifferent to him and are really enamoured of another and the same man, and in the end, the mistress, who is an actress in comedy, sacrifices herself for the wife's sake and dies on her lover's sword. But this plain tale is needlessly complicated by all sorts of out-worn tricks, such as we associate with secret corridors, eavesdropping, dagger-thrusts in the dark, narcotic poisons, and the rest. Not even Sarah Bernhardt, who produced the play this week at the Coronet Theatre, can put real vitality into this tedious and lifeless stuff; still, whenever she is given an opening she is delightfully arch and coquettish in La Thisbé's light comedy scenes, and as furious and passionate as her greatest admirers could desire in the actress-heroine's more emotional passages. A quite remarkable piece of character-acting, furnished by M. de Max in the part of a Venetian spy, and a sincere performance of Madame Dufresne as Angelo's wife, are the other features which lend distinction to an otherwise useless revival.

"A MESSAGE FROM MARS," AT THE AVENUE.

It is a pleasure to see once more at its old home, the Avenue Theatre, that pretty and gracious little play of Mr. Ganthony's, "A Message from Mars," half fantastic farce, half moral fairy-tale, especially as Mr. Charles Hawtrey is able to repeat his artistic and wholly agreeable light comedy impersonation of its lazy egoist of a hero, who is so miraculously converted by a dream into a paragon of unselfishness and hearty, not to say indiscriminating benevolence. Mr. Hawtrey's memorable performance has gained in subtlety of detail and fulness of colour and contrast without losing any of its quiet restraint. Next to the leading comedian's own acting, the most conspicuous thing in the revival is again, happily, Mr. Arthur Williams's display of humour and pathos in his original rôle of the miserable tramp. A resonant "Messenger" in Mr. Hadfield and a pleasing ingénue in Miss Mona Harrison render good support to an entertainment towards which, it must be admitted, Mr. Hawtrey himself makes the larger contribution.

MUSIC.

GRAND OPERA.

Reviewing the season of German music at Covent Garden, that has come to an end rather too soon for Wagner enthusiasts, two reflections force themselves upon us. First, we note the difference between Dr. Richter's rendering of "Tannhäuser" and his interpretation of the other operas. It is a curious but undeniable fact that the veteran conductor, who adorns all he touches, does not handle this one opera with the same extraordinary insight that he shows in dealing with the rest. On this account it is matter for regret that German opera closed with a performance of "Tannhäuser," and the regret is emphasised by the unfortunate limitations of the singer who essayed the title-rôle. Herr Groebke started by failing to get the range of the house. In his endeavours to find it, he tired his voice, and there were moments when his singing was extremely flat. Madame Kurz, whose performance of Elsa was very intelligent and interesting, though the music seemed to try her strength severely, endeavoured to come to his assistance; but the result must have been embarrassing to both. The limitations of Herr Groebke bring us to the other point that calls for remark—the absence of a Wagner tenor of the first class. We are well assured that if the perfect singer could be found, Covent Garden would find him, and it is clear, too, that many men who have found a reputation in other great centres of German music must needs fail altogether in our great opera-house. At the same time, it must be admitted that no Wagner tenor of the present season has come within measurable distance of Jean de Reszke.

Herr Krause failed altogether to realise the possibilities of "Siegfried." When the "Ring" Cycle was over Herr Herold was good without being distinguished, and Herr Menzinsky was so occupied with the mere vocal difficulties of his work that there was little spontaneity in any of his interpretations.

Italian music seems to gather fresh strength by contrast with its more serious German rival. Wagner compels us to give all the concentration of which we are mentally capable. Verdi and his followers are far less exigent; they do not insist upon such sustained attention. At the same time, it must be admitted that Italian opera at Covent Garden has reached extraordinary heights of excellence. "Aida," with Caruso, Scotti, Destinn; and Kirkby Lunn, becomes as distinguished a performance as the most critical opera-goer could desire. In this opera, Madame Destinn, despite some curious eccentricities in costume, recovered all her hold upon her public, her singing and acting being of the wonderful quality that marked her last year as one of the finest artists that Covent Garden has known. Madame Kirkby Lunn, too, now stands unrivalled and alone in her own province; it would be hard to better her performance of Amneris, though we would like to see the "daughter of the Pharaohs" with a more extensive wardrobe. "Romeo and Juliet" has served to heighten the vocal reputation of Selma Kurz, who has also renewed her triumph as the page in the "Ballo in Maschera." Of the revival of "Orfeo" and the production of Leon's new opera, "The Oracle," notice must be deferred until next week.

WALDORF THEATRE.

At the Waldorf Theatre Mr. Henry Russell continues to give us work that is finely done. We are not enamoured of "La Traviata," which seems to combine the largest number of Verdi's shortcomings with the smallest possible number of his virtues. But Mr. Russell brought back Madame Emma Nevada, and if the rather dry bones of Verdi's opera did not exactly live again, they did at least move in some fashion that was very creditable imitation of living. Madame Nevada has not been able to preserve the wonderful voice of the old time, the voice that charmed our fathers five-and-twenty years ago; but she is a very considerable artist, and in her performance singer and actress were united in manner that seemed to compel the enthusiasm of a very friendly house. Señor Angelini-Fornari, whose voice was more or less lost in Covent Garden last autumn, is perfectly suited in the Waldorf Theatre, and we realise there for the first time the beauty and richness of his vocalisation. "Adriana Lecouvreur," Ciléa's opera, which created such a favourable impression last autumn, has been revived just too late for notice this week.

CONCERTS

The most interesting concerts of the past week were given by the London Symphony Orchestra at the Queen's Hall, by Herr Zur-Mühlen at the Bechstein, by Miss Jona Robertson at the same house, and by Miss Marie Busch at Steinway Hall. Franz von Vecsey played Beethoven's familiar violin concerto with extraordinary cleverness, but without much realisation of its depth. Herr Zur-Mühlen gave Schubert's "Die Schöne Müllerin" cycle with an excellent dramatic sense. Miss Busch sang with fine feeling and rather too much restraint, and was assisted by Miss Elsie Hall, a young pianist of considerable promise. Mischa Elman, Kubelik, and Max Hambourg have given interesting recitals during the present week, and the Crystal Palace is to give a notable concert to-day.

PARLIAMENT.

Both Houses reassembled on June 20, and the first business was the formal induction of the Speaker-elect. Mr. J. W. Lowther, wearing a bob wig, appeared in the House of Lords with a respectful train of Commons, and informed the Peers of his election. The Lord Chancellor regretted that the King could not be present, and intimated his Majesty's approbation of the whole procedure. The King, he said, had entire confidence in the talents, dignity, and efficiency of the new Speaker. Mr. Lowther expressed the hope that any error inadvertently committed by him would be imputed to him alone, and not to his Majesty's faithful Commons.

After the ceremony the Speaker bowed three times to the Lord Chancellor, and returned to the other House. Having discarded the bob wig, and assumed the full-bottomed wig and silk gown of his office, he took the Chair, repeated his thanks for election, and declared his entire devotion to the service of the House of Commons. Mr. Balfour gave notice that on the following day he should request the House to vote a substantial recognition of the late Speaker's services.

These formalities at an end, the House proceeded to express a lively interest in the Report of the Butler Committee on the dispersal of the war stores in South Africa. Mr. Balfour said that the Director of Public Prosecutions could not find in the documents presented any ground for a criminal action; but the Public Prosecutor in South Africa would exercise his own discretion in that regard. A Select Committee of the House of Commons would be appointed to inquire into the whole case. It was the desire of the Government that nothing should be withheld from publicity, and Mr. Balfour believed the Report of the Select Committee would be presented before the end of the session.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

Bird Life and Bird Lore. R. Bosworth Smith. (Murray. 10s. 6d.)
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Norway and the Union with Sweden. Fridtjof Nansen. (Macmillan. 7s.)
Two Men of a Man. Horace G. Hutchinson. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)
Rose of Love Farm. Eleanor G. Huxford. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)
Twenty Years in the Far East. William Spencer Percival. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.)
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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

Once again the ancient chapel of St. George at Windsor witnessed one of those splendid Court ceremonials which attend the weddings of members of the royal family, when on June 15 Princess Margaret of Connaught was married to Prince Gustavus Adolphus, the eldest son of the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden. Windsor was, of course, *en fête* for the occasion, and many spectators who had not the *entrée* to the chapel were admitted to Castle Hill to see the processions as they came and left. The stalls and the choir were occupied by the more distinguished guests, including the representatives of the Peerage and Parliament, and the high officers of State. The *haut pas* before the altar was reserved for the Court circle, and thither at twelve o'clock the first of the processions, that of the clergy, proceeded. The celebrants were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Oxford, the Dean and Canons of Windsor, the Chaplain-General of the Forces, and the Vicar of Windsor. They passed up the chapel to the music of Gullmant's "Epithalame," performed by Sir Walter Parratt. Almost immediately afterwards the Swedish National Anthem, played without the chapel by the Grenadier Guards, announced the appearance of the bridegroom, who, attended by Princes Eugène and William of Sweden, proceeded to his place to the strains of the march in "Tannhäuser." Prince Gustavus Adolphus wore the uniform of the Crown Prince of Sweden's Hussars. The bridegroom was followed at a very short interval by the procession of the King and Queen, his Majesty in the full-dress uniform of a Field-Marshal with the collar of the Garter, her Majesty in a robe that glowed with an extraordinary opalescent sheen. By their Majesties were grouped all the nearer relations of the bride and bridegroom, and the most distinguished foreign guest who occupied a place near the altar was the Khedive of Egypt. The bride's procession was the next to enter, headed by Lord Wolverton, Vice-Chamberlain, Major-General Sir Arthur Ellis, Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's department, and Lord Clarendon, Lord Chamberlain. Princess Margaret, leaning on the arm of her father, the Duke of Connaught, was attended

Arthur also went to the station to see the Prince and Princess off, and waved their farewells until the train was out of sight. The Great Western Railway provided the special train and took charge of it as far as Shrewsbury, where it passed under the care of the London and North-Western Company. The first part of the honeymoon was spent in Cheshire, at Saughton Grange, lent by Mr. George Wyndham and the Countess Grosvenor.

OUR PORTRAITS. With characteristic courage and judicial fairness Sir William Butler undertook and completed the uncongenial task



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
LIEUT.-GEN. SIR W. F. BUTLER,
AUTHOR OF THE BLUE BOOK ON THE
SOUTH AFRICAN ARMY STORES.



Photo. G. R. Lewis.
THE LATE MR. JAMES
MANSERGH,
EMINENT CIVIL ENGINEER.

of investigating the Army stores scandals, and his report, whatever may be the opinion on its rhetoric, must be accounted among great public services. The whole affair is still *sub judice* and comment is premature, but the fact remains that the ratepayer who grinned and paid for the war has been mulcted of needless millions. Sir William, who has commanded the Western District since 1899, is a veteran of many wars, having won distinction in the Canadian, the Ashanti, the Zulu, and the Egyptian campaigns. He is an accomplished man of letters, and among his many publications his *Life of Sir George Colley* takes its place as a classic of military biography.

Mr. James Mansergh, the eminent civil engineer, who died on June 15 in his seventy-second year, gave

Mr. James Mercer, who is bracketed equal Senior Wrangler, is the son of Mr. Thomas Mercer, of Liverpool, and was born on Jan. 15, 1883, at Bootle. He was educated at Liverpool University, gained a Lancashire County Council Scholarship, and entered Trinity College as a sizar in October 1903. He won the Major Scholarship last March.

Mr. Harold Smith, the Third Wrangler, was born at Dalmahoy on Jan. 29, 1883, the son of Mr. John Smith, of Tipton, Staffs, and was educated at King Edward the Sixth's School, Birmingham, where he gained a leaving scholarship of £50. He also won an entrance scholarship of £50 at Trinity Hall, and is at present holder of one of £70.

The Ven. Albert Basil Orme Wilberforce, Archdeacon of Westminster, has again been chosen Chaplain to the Speaker, a position he has held since 1896. Archdeacon Wilberforce was born at Winchester on Feb. 14, 1841, was educated at Eton and at Exeter College, Oxford, and was ordained in 1866 as Chaplain to the Bishop of Oxford. He has been Curate of Cuddesdon, Oxfordshire, of Seaton, Devonshire, and of St. Jude's, Southsea; Rector of St. Mary's, Southampton, and Canon of Westminster. He was appointed Archdeacon of Westminster in 1900, and he is Rector of St. John's, Westminster.

The new Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board, the Right Hon. A. F. Jeffreys, is M.P. for Hampshire, and has served as Deputy Chairman of the House of Commons. He is a Christ Church man, an athlete, and is greatly interested in agriculture.

The new President of the Primitive Methodist Conference, the Rev. George E. Butt, has earned distinction as a foreign missionary, and he has only just returned from a seventeen years' sojourn in Aliwal North, South Africa. He was born at Motcombe, in the County of Dorset, on March 19, 1841, and he has completed forty-three years of ministerial service, twenty-six of them in English circuits.

Gunnery-Lieutenant Frederick Crosby Halahan was on board the *Magnificent*, acting as umpire, when the recent serious gun-accident occurred during practice off Tetuan, and he was severely burnt. He entered the



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE,
CHAPLAIN TO THE SPEAKER OF THE
HOUSE OF COMMONS.



Photo. G. R. Morton.
REV. GEORGE E. BUTT,
PRESIDENT OF THE PRIMITIVE
METHODIST CONFERENCE.



Photo. Russell.
LIEUT. F. C. HALAHAN,
SEVERELY INJURED IN THE GUN
ACCIDENT ON THE "MAGNIFICENT."



Photo. Ball.
THE LATE GENERAL SIR
JULIUS R. GLYN,
DISTINGUISHED SOLDIER.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE RT. HON. A. F. JEFFREYS,
NEW PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO
THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.

by her brides - maids, who were her sister, Princess Patricia, Princess Ena of Battenberg, Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and Princess Mary of Wales. As soon as the bride reached the altar, Princess Patricia spread out her sister's train, and the Bishop of Oxford spoke the opening exhortation. Thereafter the Archbishop of Canterbury continued the service, which differed in no respect from the usual ceremonial on such occasions, except that the Duke of Connaught simply bowed in giving his daughter away. After the Prince and Princess had been pronounced man and wife, the Archbishop addressed them, recalling the ties that bound England and Sweden together, and the ancient association of the chapel where they stood with Gustavus Adolphus, whose banner of the Garter had hung above the stalls three hundred years ago. The service concluded with the hymn, "Now thank we all our God," and then, to the music of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," the Prince led his wife to the western door of the chapel, whence in an open carriage they drove amid the congratulatory cheers of the crowd within the Castle precincts to the royal apartments. In the White Drawing-Room the register was signed, the King and Queen being the first witnesses. Thereafter the royal party lunched in the State Dining-room, and the other guests were entertained in St. George's Hall. Shortly after four o'clock the bride and bridegroom left the Castle for Windsor Station. By the special request of the Mayor of Windsor, made at the last moment and graciously acceded to by the King, the route of the drive was lengthened so as to permit the townspeople to greet Prince and Princess Gustavus. With an escort of Life Guards the Prince and Princess accordingly drove down into the Long Walk and through the main street of Windsor, where they were enthusiastically cheered. The Duke of Connaught and Prince

his life to the question of pure-water supply, and the results of his work are to be seen not only in this country, but in North and South America, in Canada, in India, and on the Continent. He it was who was responsible for the Elan Valley water scheme for Birmingham, inaugurated last year by the King and Queen. Mr. Mansergh was a member of the Council of the Institution of Civil Engineers, of which society he acted as vice-president in 1895 and as president in 1901; a Fellow of the Royal Society; a member of the Council of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers; and he was on the Commission of the Peace for Radnorshire.

General Sir Julius Richard Glyn, K.C.B., who died on June 16 at the age of eighty-one, was the son of a clergyman, the Rev. J. Glyn, and entered the Rifle

Navy as a cadet in January 1894, became Midshipman in June 1896, Sub-Lieutenant in December 1899, and Lieutenant in December 1900. He is attached to the *Victorious*.

THE TSAR'S LATEST PROMISE.

On June 19 a deputation from the Zemstvos and the Dumas was received by the Tsar at the Villa Alexandria, Peterhof. The fourteen delegates were headed by Prince Troubetzko, who, in an impassioned speech, not without passages that made the Emperor wince, pleaded the cause of representative government, and urged his Imperial Majesty to shake himself clear of

those influences surrounding the throne which continually estrange the Russian people and their ruler. The Tsar alone, said Prince Troubetzko, can unite Russia again. He called upon the Emperor to summon the people's elect, and to listen to them, for therein lies the only hope of escape from a civil war and a shameful peace. The Tsar responded with a solemn promise to summon the national assembly, and said he trusted that on that day the relations between himself and his people would enter upon a new phase. Pessimists have pointed out that as all the members of the deputation belonged to the nobility, and had therefore the right of an Imperial audience, the reception has only an apparently popular significance.

THE MOVEMENT TOWARDS PEACE.

The prophets in Paris are hopeful of the chances of peace, and their only fear is that President Roosevelt's good work may be undone by a battle in Manchuria. As regards the actual negotiations, nothing is settled. No



Photo. Medington.
MR. J. MERCER (TRINITY),
BRACKETED EQUAL SENIOR WRANGLER
IN THE MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS.



Photo. Stearn.
MR. J. E. LITTLEWOOD
(TRINITY),
BRACKETED EQUAL SENIOR WRANGLER.



Photo. Stearn.
MR. H. SMITH (TRINITY HALL),
THIRD WRANGLER IN THE
MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS.



Photo. Stearn.
MR. H. F. F. COGGINS,
"WOODEN SPOON" IN THE
MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS.

THE CAMBRIDGE MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS: THE SENIOR WRANGLERS AND THE WOODEN SPOON.

Brigade after passing through Westminster School and the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. He served with distinction in South Africa in 1848, in the Kaffir War of 1851 and 1852, in the Crimean War, and during the Indian Mutiny. He also commanded the Dublin district for a period.

Of the bracketed Senior Wranglers in the Mathematical Tripos, Mr. John Edensor Littlewood is the son of Mr. E. T. Littlewood, the Headmaster of the High School, Wynberg, Cape Colony, and was born at Rochester on June 9, 1885. He was educated at St. Paul's School, and is now a student in his second year at Trinity College, where he has gained a Perry Exhibition.

By the special request of the Mayor of Windsor, made at the last moment and graciously acceded to by the King, the route of the drive was lengthened so as to permit the townspeople to greet Prince and Princess Gustavus. With an escort of Life Guards the Prince and Princess accordingly drove down into the Long Walk and through the main street of Windsor, where they were enthusiastically cheered. The Duke of Connaught and Prince

AMONG THE AUVERGNE DEATH-TRAPS: THE WINNER AND COMPETITORS OF THE GORDON-BENNETT
FRENCH ELIMINATING TRIALS.



Théry.

THÉRY, THE FRENCH WINNER, WITH OTHER COMPETITORS AND THEIR CARS, PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE AUVERGNE COURSE.

The French trials, which were run over the absurdly dangerous Auvergne course on June 16, resulted in a victory for Théry, who made the four rounds in 7h. 34min. 39 1-5 sec. Cailloux was second with 7h. 43min. 11 sec., and Duray was third with 7h. 44min. 47 sec. The mishaps were insignificant, and were almost all due to burst tyres. There are 400 turnings in the Auvergne circuit, making a total of 1600 for the race. Half of them are right angles, and about a quarter of them approximate to about 15 deg. Motorists will understand what a tremendous strain is thus put upon the tyres.



THE DESIGN FOR THE NEW KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL.

Owing to the necessities of the work of King's College Hospital, the present situation is inadequate, and the hospital is to be removed to Denmark Hill. The new scheme is under the care of the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, whose generosity has made it practicable. The design is by Mr. Pitt.

date is fixed for the conference, and no choice of plenipotentiaries has been made. Count Cassini at first mentioned M. Nelidoff as chief Russian Commissioner, but afterwards said that his appointment is problematic. The statement that President Roosevelt is trying to arrange an armistice is without foundation.

EUROPE AND MOROCCO.

he never would have made but for the instigation of Germany. If France should agree to a Conference after all, this country would not dissent, as the affair concerns France first of all. It is said in Paris that M. Rouvier has accepted the Conference in principle in his discussion with the German Ambassador, provided that there be no reflection on the agreements into which France has already entered—namely, with Great Britain and Spain. But to call a Conference

The British Government has rejected the Moorish Sultan's proposal of an international Conference, a proposal which

however, that Norway's action is irrevocable, and the only question that remains is whether the new form of government is to be a Monarchy or a Republic. Should it be finally decided that a Bernadotte Prince shall not assume the crown, the Norwegians have no intention of letting it go begging among the royal houses of Europe, and in that case a republic would be proclaimed without delay. Republicanism is popular, and is favoured by many Norwegian politicians



Photo, Crabb.

THE GUN DISASTER ON H.M.S. "MAGNIFICENT": ONE OF THE 6-IN. CASEMATES ON THE VESSEL, SHOWING THE OPEN DOOR WHICH SAVED SEVERAL LIVES.

The photograph shows the very confined space within which the explosion occurred. The cylinder under the hand of the marine nearest the door is similar to the one which exploded, killing four.

must by the nature of the transaction mean the submission of the Anglo-French Convention to international judgment, so far as it relates to Morocco. This, in short, would concede to Germany the right of overhauling a diplomatic instrument in which she

made by the special permission of the owner. The Supplement also includes the procession of the London County Council river-steamers on June 17, when the Prince of Wales inaugurated the new service. The fine-art subject which forms our

has no legitimate concern. She would not be able to overhaul it, perhaps, at a Conference; but the precedent would not be happy.

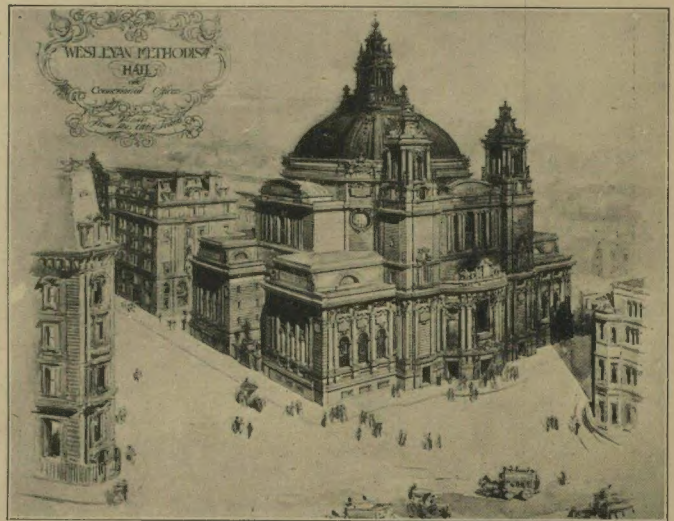
THE SCANDINAVIAN CRISIS.

There will be no further development in the peaceful revolution in Scandinavia until the Riksdag has decided upon what grounds separation can legally take place. It is perfectly well understood,

double-page illustration is based upon a romantic incident in the Civil War.

ARMY PAY.

There is said to be serious and increasing difficulty in finding officers for the Army. Recruiting we all know to be very unpromising; neither the necessary numbers nor the necessary quality can be counted on. The paucity of officers is a fresh trouble. It is stated that the class from which officers have hitherto been obtained shows a growing disrelish for the service. Various reasons are assigned, nearly all of them open to dispute. But it is pretty generally admitted that discontent with the Army pay deters a good many men who would make excellent officers. Pay in the cavalry is founded on the tradition that a young officer must have a private income of five or six hundred a year. This is utterly out of keeping with modern ideas of public utility. It would be just



THE DESIGN FOR THE WESLEYAN METHODIST HALL.

The new building, which is to occupy the site of the old Aquarium at Westminster, has been designed by Messrs. Lanchester and Richards. The architecture is in the Renaissance style, and the cost of the work is estimated at £150,000. On the Tophill Street front will be a statue of John Wesley.

who only agreed for the sake of conciliation that King Oscar should be asked to appoint one of his sons to the throne.

as rational to apply such a rule to the Civil Service. Every man employed by the State should be paid according to the value of his work, not according to the amount of his private means.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

In our Supplement is included an illustration of peculiar interest, that of the specimens from the Tring Museum used by the Hon. Walter Rothschild during his lecture to the Royal Ornithological Congress. Mr. Rothschild's famous collection at Tring has probably never been illustrated before in any journal not professedly scientific, and our Artist's drawings have been

THE RIFLE MOVEMENT IN IRELAND.

A very important step in the progress of rifle-shooting in Ireland was marked by the opening of the Dublin Civil Service Range at Ticknock. This club has been the pioneer of the movement. In 1901 it introduced for the first time the N.R.A. system into Ireland. On the opening day Lord Grenfell, accompanied by General Henniker, Chief Staff Officer, and Captain Yorke, Aide-de-camp, arrived at 3.30. After inspecting the range, Lord Grenfell returned to the 200-yards firing-point, where the first shot was fired on behalf of his Lordship by Captain Yorke. A hearty cheer arose as a bull's-eye was signalled. Then at a signal from the secretary eight picked marksmen of the club fired a shot simultaneously on each target, and the Dublin Mountains at Ticknock thus received their baptism of fire. The result was an evidence of the high degree of proficiency of the club, for the markers signalled three bull's-eyes and two magpies at the 200-yards range, and one inner and two magpies at the 500-yards range, the fourth target at the longer range not being ready. Lord Grenfell then formally declared the range open.



Photo, Fradette and Young.

"COTTON-SPINNERS ALL": THE VISIT OF THE CONGRESS OF MASTER COTTON-SPINNERS TO THE DOCKS AT MANCHESTER.

The International Congress of Master Cotton-Spinners, which met last year at Zurich, assembled this year at Manchester under the Presidency of Mr. C. W. Macara. The party visited the Ship Canal Docks and saw the unloading of a record cargo of bananas.

THE CLIMAX OF THE SEASON: ROYAL ASCOT.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.



THE CROWD ON THE COACHES.

This year the King and Queen again honoured Ascot with their presence, proceeding to the races in a semi-State procession. A shower slightly spoilt the spectacle, but, on the whole, the weather favoured the fashionable crowd, for whom these races mark the climax of the Season.

THE ITALIANS' INTEREST IN THE ANTIQUITIES OF THEIR COUNTRY.

DRAWN BY EDWARD MATANIA.



THE VISIT OF THE ITALIAN PROVINCIAL CONGRESS TO THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS AT POMPEII.

From the 15th to the 20th of last month a congress of representatives of the Italian provinces held meetings at Naples, and among their excursions was included a visit to the excavations of Pompeii. The members of the party, which included many representatives of the artistic world, were particularly interested in the more recent discoveries on the site of the buried city.

THE DAY OF RECKONING.

By LLOYD OSBOURNE.



Illustrated by W. RUSSELL FLINT.

THEIR acquaintance began in a New Jersey farmhouse, where they had both gone for their annual holiday, she a stenographer, he a reporter on the *New York Standard*. No stretching of the word could have embraced Patricia Kinney within the term of "summer girl." Even then, though four years have come and gone since, she was obviously a woman who had passed her first youth. Care, disappointment, and an up-hill struggle bravely borne had left their marks on a face that at no time had been pretty. But she had a plump, graceful figure, unusually little hands and feet, and a wealth of wild black hair, and there was about her an air of alertness and intelligence that was not without charm.

Joe Harlan had found it very attractive indeed. It may have been due to the isolation of the farmhouse, or possibly to the absence of superior female attractions; but, at any rate, he walked and drove and boated with "the little Kinney," as he called her, and for the lack of anything better to do, flirted with her to the top of his bent. He was a very big young man, with an explosive laugh and a swagger that took in the street; and the people who didn't like him (and there was such a lot of them) called him a "cheap skate," and a cad. He was certainly very noisy and blatant and self-satisfied, and he had a way of talking about his cheap dissipations as though he were another Byron, and could bring the tears to his own eyes by picturing himself as a second Chatterton dying of neglect and starvation in the city streets. He earned twenty dollars a week, and though that is not a princely sum, it ought to have sufficed to keep such a genius at least fed and clothed. But with Harlan, his money went as quickly as it came, and some of his tales of hard luck were in consequence true enough. What was also true was that they were due to his own unmitigated folly and silliness. His pose (and it was a pose that in some ways threatened to become a shabby reality) was that he was a young man of brilliant promise who was going to the devil for the want of a helping hand. He wanted to be lectured, petted, argued with, and restrained—that is, if the lecturer, petter, arguer with, and restrainer was sufficiently pretty to make it worth his while. His landladies who essayed the same rôle merely exasperated him into misbehaviour. But he had several Kinneys

on what he called "the string," who stayed awake at night and depressed their honest hearts by wondering how to save him.

Miss Kinney had a very rasping tongue, and possessed enough knowledge of the world to see half-way through the scamp; and there were occasions when Harlan's poses endured some stinging buffets in that New Jersey farmhouse. But he took his punishment with disarming good-humour; said he was a fool, and knew it; and, by kissing the hand that struck him, won her over the most when she was the angriest with him. In her starved and empty life, until then absorbed in fighting for her own actual existence, love—the love all women must have and will—love had never

had sought her out in the pinched boarding-house where she lived for eight dollars a week, he would probably have turned and fled before he had gone up three of the brown sandstone steps. But he finds out everyone in time; and the time to Miss Kinney was in the course of her inexpensive holiday in New Jersey. Her whole heart went out to this scapegrace Harlan, and she loved him with a tenderness and devotion that many a better man might have envied. Joe, however, took it all as a matter of course, and, except for a little extra swagger and a more masterful tone in contradicting her, betrayed but few signs of elation at his conquest. His feeling was more of a patronising kindness towards one who had the evident good taste to love him. It was an additional proof that he had not been mistaken in thinking her intelligent. To do him justice, he was not one of those proprietors who care less for a possession after it becomes

their own. Miss Kinney rose at least ten per cent. in his esteem; and he said (and believed) nicer things than ever about her hair, her dimpled, chubby hands, her white and faultless teeth. He had even a pang of pity to see her hitching her little wagon to so unprofitable a star as himself; pointed it out to her with some dim perception of his own gloomy and disastrous future; warned her that it would be but heaping one broken heart on another! In his invincible self-conceit he put a nought to every ill quality he had. He could only see himself in superlatives. Yet his childish and absorbing egoism was the one thing in his nature of which he was ignorant, and the only one in the man that really attained heroic proportions.

Miss Kinney, who was an excessively practical little person, went into love with a lead pencil and a great deal of paper. The gloomy and splendid being on whom she had set her heart had obviously to be reorganised and set a-going on a new basis, and she felt no doubts as to her capacity to do both. Harlan squirmed a good bit in the course of the process. It was a painful come-down to have to say what his washing cost him; and it was not without misgiving that he heard of the taboo on cigars and more particulars of a double existence in which cocktails were to play no part. It was one thing to bemoan the



She was about to awaken Harlan, when something restrained her.

dared to raise his curly head until the day she met Joe Harlan. Cupid—if he had ever tried—might well have been daunted by the sight of the Johnson Building, with its seventeen storeys and six elevators; and who could blame him for hesitating to knock at that business-like glazed door inscribed: "Miss Kinney, Expert Stenographer and Typist"? And if the little fellow had persevered farther and

lack of a helping hand; to expatiate on his own recklessness and self-abandonment; to talk of no one loving him nor caring what might be his melancholy end—and quite another to find a lady who seemed both eager and competent to stave off so distressing a tragedy. In Miss Kinney's innocence she thought Joe Harlan had proposed to her; that the words "I love you" were tantamount to saying "Be my wife"; and Harlan's

cowardice allowed the implication to pass unchallenged. She was troubled at times, however, by his want of specificity. Her calculations, based on his income and hers, left him singularly cold. He tried unavailingly to get back into that zone of desperation and despair in which he began to feel his only safety. But Miss Kinney would not let him slip through her fingers, and proffered for his consideration a little flat on Twenty-second Street instead, where the new Chatterton might be assured of respectability and moderate comfort.

Joe Harlan was not altogether a bad fellow, and when they came back to New York, she so full of love and courage and hope, his conscience pricked him not a little. For a few days he was genuinely miserable. It penetrated even his thick skin that he was acting as badly as a man could. He fell a shade of an inch in his own esteem, and that hurt him and made him feel uncomfortable. So he drank hard and wrote a couple of letters to her, saying how unworthy he was to touch the hem of her garment—and stayed away. It took the poor woman a month to realise his cruelty and heartlessness, and she cried many a tear on her pillow at night. But she vindicated her sex by a few sarcastic letters, and, gritting her teeth, settled down to forget him.

It was nearly a year before she heard from him again. He was hurt at a fire, where, showing his reporter's badge, he had been permitted to pass the police line and receive from a second-storey window an assortment of Dago furniture on the top of his head. At the hospital he gave Miss Kinney's name as his "best friend," and she was at once notified by the authorities, in accordance with the rules of the institution. Harlan was only on his back a week, and left the place as strong and well as he had ever been; but the fact that he had sent for her in his extremity touched Miss Kinney's heart more than words can tell. She saw him now for what he was—weak, vain, selfish, and, morally at least, a coward; but he had called for her out of all the great, teeming city, and this went straight to her woman's heart.

The past was tacitly ignored. She made it easy for him to come and see her, which he did at irregular intervals, with sometimes two days between his visits, sometimes several months. He had grown coarser and commoner. He was on no pedestal now to Miss Kinney, and in some ways he found this to be a comfort. He had a sort of affection for her, and when his money was all spent and he had a few idle hours on his hands he would go up and pay her a visit in her little clacking office. She was not doing well, and could scarcely make both ends meet, and thus it was that she was usually free to talk to him. It was a strange relation to exist between two human beings so dissimilar. She loved him, not for what he was, but for what he had been to her in what they called "the old days." She clung to him as women cling to love-letters, though the writer of them may be dead and forgotten. The sight of him at once pleased and exasperated her; while he (for his part) was often glad of just a warm corner to sit in and the opportunity of prattling endlessly about himself. He often borrowed money from her—small sums: two dollars, five dollars, even fifty cents—and it was one of his few honourable characteristics that he invariably paid her back. Occasionally he took her to the theatre on a newspaper pass, and at Christmas always remembered to bring her a cheap bunch of flowers. He had grown so shabby and unkempt that she was ashamed to be seen with him on the cars. The fellow was deteriorating fast. His geniality, which had been his chief charm, had given way to an embittered railing against fate. The world—the smug, hypocritical, grinding-down-the-face-of-the-poor world—was in a diabolical conspiracy to down Joe Harlan! He would talk at times about making a hole in the East River, and it would have surprised no one if he had.

One morning he walked into Miss Kinney's office in great excitement. She was taking dictation at the time from one of her clients, and she bade Joe sit down and wait. He acquiesced ungraciously, fuming and tapping with his foot, and looking up with irritating expectation as the man droned from the end of one letter to the beginning of another. At last he could stand it no longer, and went out, and Miss Kinney could hear him pacing up and down the corridor like a restless bear in a cage. At last, when she had finished, she called him in.

"Kinney," he broke out (he always called her Kinney, as though she were a man), "Kinney, I must have seventy-five dollars right off!"

"Seventy-five dollars!" she repeated blankly after him.

"Hand it out, quick," he said, his eyes burning as he looked at her.

"I only have forty, Joe."

"I'll make forty do," he cried, following her impetuously to the safe in the side of the wall and almost grabbing at the bills.

He did not wait to thank her, or anything. He was out of the door and clattering down the hall before she could ask a single question. She waited for a note that might explain the reason for his hurry and need, but it did not come. Several days passed, and there was still no letter. Then, as she was beginning to feel angry and hurt, he paid another of his whirlwind visits and demanded more money. His eyes were wild from want of sleep; his clothes looked as though he had not taken them off for a week; debauch was written in his trembling hands, his husky voice, his fierce impatience that grew to anger as she refused him. Poor Miss Kinney was smarting for her forty dollars already lost, and was in no humour to increase the disaster by giving more. She had a hundred dollars laid aside in the savings bank for any unforeseen contingency. To trench on this sum—to cut away her sheet-anchor—overwhelmed her with a kind of panic.

"I'll give you ten cents to buy a bromo-seltzer," she said, "and some advice that will be worth at least a dollar. Go home and go to bed!"

Harlan burst into a great roar of laughter. Then his pleading redoubled. He almost went on his knees for

that hundred dollars. It was for a scoop, he said, the biggest scoop of the year—of many years! A scoop that would shake Newspaper Row to its foundations and earn him an everlasting name!

"Kinney," he exclaimed, "I've got hold of something that's going to make or break me! You think I have been drinking—that I've been whooping it up and playing Old Harry; but you're wrong, Kinney, you're wrong! I have been carrying my life in my hand for five days. Your hands would shake too, if you had lain out all night in the wet. I've been in places where one word would kill me like that!"—and he snapped his fingers. Kinney gave a little scream as he drew out a loaded revolver and banged it down on her desk as though to confirm his words.

"Now I want every cent you have," he said. Miss Kinney still fought for her money. A pistol, even if loaded, was not, after all, an explanation. What was his scoop?

But wild horses could not have got that out of Harlan.

"You must take my word for it," he said sullenly. "If it once passes my lips, God knows where it will stop! I'm at the end of my tether, Kinney; you know that as well as I do. I'm sinking lower and lower in the mire. This is my one chance to get even with the world—to make a name for myself and a fresh start; but I can't pull it off without at least a hundred dollars—the hundred dollars I know you have in the savings bank!"

"Tell me what you want it for and perhaps I'll get it for you," she said. "I won't promise positively, but I may. Tell me, Joe?"

Harlan took up his revolver from the desk. "I can't do that," he said. "I haven't time, and anyway I won't! Well, if I can't buy my man I'll have to get it out of him with this." And he laid his finger on the trigger, rising to his feet as he did so. It was a gesture so savage in its eloquence that Miss Kinney demurred no longer. She wrote out a cheque for her hundred dollars, went in next door to one of her clients, and returned with the greenbacks in her hands—two fifties!

"It's all I have in the world, Joe," she said with a stifled sob.

She waited for his thanks; she thought perhaps she might take her hand and kiss it; she expected some manifestation of his gratitude. But all he did was to look at his watch and say, with an oath, that her infernal delay had cost him twenty minutes. He went away with no other farewell, without even looking behind him, and as she gazed out of the window to see him emerge below, she saw him jump into a hansom that was evidently waiting for him, and dash off at a gallop.

She had hardly got to her office the next morning when Harlan staggered in. He was so dishevelled, muddy, and haggard that she gave a cry at the sight of him. His eyes were bleared and bloodshot, his hollow cheeks rough with a two days' beard; his mouth hung open from utter weariness. He lurched heavily into an arm-chair, spilling a sheaf of papers all over the floor.

"Kinney," he said, in a ghost of a voice, "put a note on the door that you're out for the day and lock it!"

She did so while he laboriously got his papers together and laid them on her desk. He lit a cigar, holding the match in both his hands as a drunkard might a glass, and told her to sit down and listen.

"Everything is there," he said, indicating the papers. "I started in myself at four this morning; but, Kinney, I'm too dead-beat to do it. I've gone six days without sleep, and I can't tell one word from another, or even think straight. . . . You'll have to put it together somehow yourself. It doesn't matter much how, for the stuff's all there. . . . thundering stuff, Kinney. . . . When it's done take it to Mr. Riker (R-i-k-e-r, Kinney. Jot it on the pad) . . . he's the news editor; and say I won't take a cent less than two thousand for it. . . . Do you hear, Kinney? . . . Two thousand, and not a cent less, old girl. . . . Kinney, I've always thought a heap of you. . . . I'll make it worth your while, old girl, don't worry about that. . . . and wake me up if there's anything you can't read or understand."

His head sank on his breast and he was fast asleep.

Miss Kinney took up the papers and began to read them. The first five or six pages put her in possession of the story, a story so astounding and terrible that she turned pale as she scanned the sheets. Cypress Lawn Cemetery was being robbed of its dead—had been robbed for years past—for the dissecting-room of one of the great hospitals, and for Heaven knows how many physicians in private practice besides—robbed systematically by a gang of scoundrels, who had not hesitated to add murder to sacrilege. Here in her hand were confessions, affidavits, sworn narratives, complete and exhaustive details, wrung, some of them, at the pistol's point. Harlan had left no stone unturned; he had risked his life repeatedly; he had watched and followed and tracked down every member of the hideous conspiracy. It was no half-done work, part fact, part surmise. It was all there to the last dot—every name given, every date, horror piled on horror, with a convincing and shuddering particularity.

Miss Kinney drew her chair up to her desk, and soon the keys of her typewriter were clicking as they had never clicked before. She knew enough of writing to tell a plain story without adjectives or embellishments, and she possessed besides the advantage of eleven good pages to give her the sort of form she was to follow. Her fingers flew over the keys, and the whole thing was so well outlined in Harlan's notes that, except for their illegibility, she needed to pause but seldom. Several times, at a name or a word she could not decipher, she had to rouse the reporter and get his help. It was like getting a log awake. Overtaxed nature could not be denied. Joe invariably relit his cigar, and then, a moment later, would relapse into unconsciousness.

Miss Kinney began a little after nine o'clock. Ten, eleven passed; twelve, one o'clock! But there was no

lunch for her that day, and her apple and slice of pie remained untouched in the drawer. Two o'clock, three o'clock! Harlan lying like a dead man in the chair, the typewriter clacking furiously as Miss Kinney leaned over it with her pale face. Occasionally there was a knock at the door, but she paid no attention. Once an insistent life-insurance agent persevered till he got the door opened; but he got short shrift, and the mad race went on uninterrupted. At four it was done—finished and corrected—and Miss Kinney breathed a deep sigh of relief.

She was about to awaken Harlan, when something within her restrained her peremptorily. What would he do with the two thousand dollars? she asked herself. Spend it in a week, of course. Throw it out of the window with both hands. She looked down at him and thought how weak and wild and foolish the fellow was. And this was the man she had once loved so well—had believed in—had waited for so patiently for him to marry her. It filled her with resentment to think he had never meant to. She was nothing to him but "Kinney"—"his old Kinney," to whom he came when he had no other place to go! How he had deteriorated in those four years! How he had sunk! This money would surely be the end of him altogether—the last blow—the finish. He was not so strong as he once had been. No man could stand such a life for ever. That two thousand dollars would land him in the madhouse or the gutter. Then she thought of what that sum would mean to herself—weak and old and tired and unsuccessful. It would give her a year's holiday in the fields and trees, and ample for another start and a better one in some beautiful land like California. Here she was being ground to powder; Mrs. Horton on the next floor—pretty Mrs. Horton with her pretty assistants—was getting all the business. How mean Joe had been to her; how contemptuous in his affection! It would serve him right if she sold the copy and kept the money for herself, if she took the two thousand dollars with her and a passage in an outgoing steamer or train! Until then she had never had a bad thought in all her life. She would have said always that theft was a thing impossible to her. She said the word over and over to herself: Thief, thief, thief! . . . But the two thousand. . . . she would get it in bills. . . . Nobody would ever know what became of her. . . . nor care. . . .

She tiptoed about the office, putting on her hat and cloak with precaution. She left the door ajar, afraid that the noise of shutting it might awake him. She stole out like a ghost, with the copy pressed against her beating heart; went down the stairs, fearing the elevator; took a cab for the first time in her life, and ordered the man in a trembling voice to drive her to the office of the *Morning Standard*.

It was dusk when Joe awoke to find himself alone in the office. He lit his cigar again—the cigar he had already lit so many times. What had become of Kinney? What was he doing in her office, anyway? Then it all came back to him in flooding waves of pride and recollection. Good old Kinney! He would never forget what a trump she was. He'd give her a present—something really swell with a diamond in it. God knows, Kinney had earned it that day a dozen times over! Good Lord, it was five o'clock! What a brick she was, that woman; but it was because she loved him. It was wonderful how women loved him. Kinney would sell the clothes off her back for him! Poor Kinney, and she'd see she got the two thousand dollars too! Kinney was as sharp as they make them! . . . Why didn't she come? . . . He wanted to get home to bed. . . . Was there ever anybody so tired as he was? . . . He dozed off again, and when he opened his eyes once more he found himself in the dark. He turned on the electric lights. Kinney was taking a long time—a thundering long time. But it was a scoop all right. He didn't have to reassure himself about that. He wondered why he hadn't made it three thousand. But he began to get a little uneasy. He wished Kinney would come.

He went to the door, opened it, and stood for a long while listening. Then he came back and threw himself into the armchair again. Suddenly he heard a swift patter of steps. Thank God, here was Kinney at last! Her face was so white and serious that it frightened him. Well, if they wouldn't plank down two thousand, there were six other places where he was bound to get it. He would make it three this time and the promise of a position! No, it wasn't that. . . . He could dizzily see Kinney turning her reticule upside down and emptying a mass of greenbacks on the table.

"They say it's the biggest scoop the *Standard* ever made," she said, arranging her hair wearily before the little mirror in the corner. "Riker said I was to be sure and tell you that. Said I was to clap you on the back for him; said when you came round you'd find you owned the office, and could lay your hands on everything in sight."

Joe hardly heard what she was saying. He was so dead tired that he had to hold the desk with one hand while he stuffed the bills into his pocket with the other.

"Now, let me and you square up," he said. "I lent you forty, and then a hundred, and say ten dollars for to-day's work," returned Miss Kinney in a queer forlorn voice that she tried very hard to make matter-of-fact and business-like.

Joe counted out two hundred and fifty.

"Here's a hundred extra," he said. "Buy yourself something nice with it, Kinney."

Then he turned to go.

She watched him stagger to the door, open it, and stand looking out into the dark corridor. Then to her amazement he changed his mind and came back.

"Kinney," he said hoarsely, putting his arm around her, "I guess you're the only friend I have in the world—and what's the matter with you and me taking this money and getting married?"

And that's exactly what happened next day.

THE END.

PRINCESS GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN ON HER WEDDING DAY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



THE NEW MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF BERNADOITE IN HER BRIDAL ROBES.

The overdress of Princess Margaret's wedding gown, and also her Royal Highness's veil, were of the most exquisite Carrickmacross lace. Both were the gift of the ladies of Ireland. The design of the lace was based on the shamrock, the fleur-de-lys, and the meadowsweet.

THE ROYAL BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AND THE BRIDESMAIDS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



Princess Ena.

Princess Beatrice.

Princess Mary.

Princess Patricia.

AFTER THE CEREMONY AT WINDSOR: PRINCE AND PRINCESS GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN.

The bridesmaids, who wore Irish blue of the shade of the ribbon of the Order of St. Patrick, were Princess Patricia of Connaught, sister of the bride, Princess Mary of Wales, Princess Ena of Battenberg, and Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg. The bridegroom was in the uniform of a Swedish Hussar.

THE FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS.



THE NEWLY WEDDED PAIR LEAVING ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, AFTER THE CEREMONY ON JUNE 15.

THE SCENE OF PRINCESS GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS'S HONEYMOON: SAIGHTON GRANGE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHIDLEY.



1. VIEW OF THE GARDENS FROM THE TOWER.
3. THE SAINT'S GARDEN, SAIGHTON GRANGE.
5. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE HOUSE.

2. A LANE NEAR SAIGHTON GRANGE.
4. THE ENTRANCE.
6. THE GARDEN STAIR.

Saighton Grange was lent to the Prince and Princess by Mr. George Wyndham and the Countess Grosvenor. Saighton is a village and township in the parish of Chester St. Oswald, Cheshire. It is one and a-half miles from Waverton Station, where Prince and Princess Gustavus were welcomed on their arrival from Windsor. Saighton Grange is the chief residence of the minor, which belongs to the Duke of Westminster, and is at present at the disposal of the Countess Grosvenor.

ROYAL ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES AT PRINCESS MARGARET'S WEDDING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU AND RUSSELL AND SONS.



THE NEWLY WEDDED PRINCE AND PRINCESS DRIVING FROM ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL AFTER THE CEREMONY

THE KING ENTERING ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL



THE QUEEN LEAVING ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL AFTER THE CEREMONY.

The King and Queen drove to and from the chapel in a closed four-horsed carriage, with a travelling escort of Life Guards. The equerries in waiting rode beside the carriage. Prince Gustavus Adolphus and his wife drove from the chapel to the Castle in an open carriage, and were enthusiastically greeted on Castle Hill by spectators who were denied admittance to the actual ceremony.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

"DRAGONS OF THE PRIME."

The recent gift of Mr. Andrew Carnegie to the King of the fossilised skeleton of a huge extinct reptile, known as the *Diplodocus*, is an event which has an interest all its own. Set up as is the fossil in the South Kensington Museum, its presence will serve to strengthen the *entente cordiale* in a scientific sense between the New World and the Old. It will also serve to perpetuate the memory of Professor Marsh, whose indefatigable research in American deposits laid the foundations of our knowledge not merely of many species of extinct reptiles, but of curious quadrupeds, including the pedigree of the horse itself. The visitor to the Museum may well stand in amazement before this "dragon of the prime." If we could imagine it restored (a reproduction of a restoration was recently published in *The Sketch*), we should be tempted to imagine that the dragon-legends of old had some foundation in fact. The pencil of Gustave Doré would have revelled in depicting scenes of combats wherein these primeval monsters were involved, and thus extremes meet—fiction and sober science, over those giants and weird creatures of other days, may in truth clasp hands.

These reptiles are practically limited to what is called the Mesozoic or Middle Period of geology. This period includes rock formations known as the Trias, Oolite, and the Chalk. When the Chalk age passed, some great comical revolution or other, upheaving their world, ended the races of these monster-creatures. Once a species dies out, it never reappears. This is the inevitable law; there is no new creation for us; and so we are left to study their bones preserved as fossils, and to note even their "foot-prints on the sands of time" by way of reproducing their salient features, and of depicting to ourselves what a portion of the Old-World life was like. As a rule, these creatures—Dinosaurs as they are called—were huge, bulky animals. Mr. Carnegie's specimen has been estimated to have possessed a length in life of about seventy feet. The thighbone of an *Atlantosaurus*, one of the biggest, has a length of over six feet.

We have to reconstruct in our mind's eye a creature with a body to match such a bone. *Diplodocus*, with regard to its personal characters, appears to have possessed a head of very moderate size indeed, considered relatively to the animal's bulk. Its jaws are weak, and with regard to its teeth, Professor Marsh describes them as small, and as being borne by the front of the jaws only. That it fed on soft vegetable matter would therefore appear to be an inference fairly warranted by the facts; yet, like the vegetarian elephant, it may have been capable of fierce onslaughts enough in its day. To feed on plants is not always commensurate with mildness of temper, as every vicious horse testifies. We may further believe that *Diplodocus*, if not a swimmer, at least had aquatic habits. It is hardly necessary to add that, as all these monsters were reptiles, lungs constituted their breathing organs. Like whales or crocodiles, they must, therefore, have been compelled to come to the surface to breathe.

The long neck strikes one as peculiar. For what kind of life or habit did this possession fit the animal? Possibly, as in the case of a sea-lizard, the *Plesiosaurus*, the long neck served to enable it to scan affairs around it, as it lay concealing its huge frame amongst the reeds and vegetation of shores and river banks. Then there is the long and powerful tail, the sweep of which must have been of tremendous extent. In this latter possession the dragon may have found an adequate means of defence. A small head betokens a small brain; and, though brain-size does not bear a definite relation to brain-qualities, nevertheless one may assume that these animals, as became reptilian habits at large, were slow of movement. Some of the neighbours of *Diplodocus* had the skin provided with spines and plates of bone, this feature being well seen in one named *Scelidosaurus*.

Certain of these creatures possessed fore-limbs of small size compared with the hind-limbs. Thus they must have assumed a bird-like or kangaroo-like attitude. In this connection it is interesting to note that gigantic three-toed footprints, first credited as those of extinct birds, have been of late regarded as those of reptiles, the prints being such as would be made by animals walking on their hind-legs. If we turn from the Dinosaurs and their neighbours to other species of fossil reptiles, we might very well find, in some, veritable sea-serpents of past epochs. Here we meet with long-bodied creatures which possessed limbs in the shape of flippers or swimming paddles. Some were fifty feet long, and of this length the neck made up twenty feet at least. Then we had the great fish lizards, expert swimmers, feeding on fishes, the remains of the prey in some cases having been found fossilised along with the body of the destroyer itself. Here also we had a tail-fin for steering purposes, a long snout and jaws well provided with teeth for the capture of the funny races.

Nor is this all. If the seas and lands of these ancient days claimed their reptile population, no less did the air present a teeming population. Flying dragons there were in these times in the shape of pterodactyls ("wing-fingers") and the like. Here one finger was hugely developed and formed the chief support for the fold of skin which, bat-like, extended from the finger and arm along the sides of the body, and also passed between wings and tail. At the tail's tip there was a steering-rudder. To learn more of these flying dragons my readers should consult the works of my friend Professor H. G. Seeley, who has made them a lifelong study. From eighteen to twenty feet between the tips of the wings is a measurement of certain species. Truly "there were giants in the earth in those days." ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

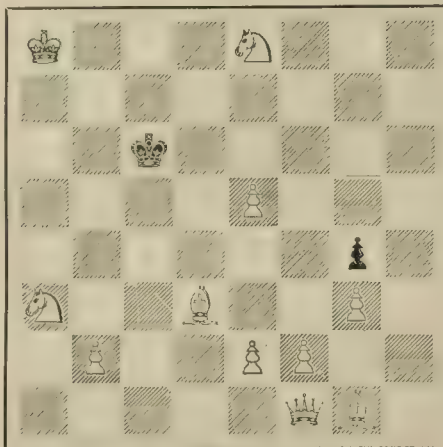
M M PARRAGA (San José, Costa Rica).—Your letter shall receive our early attention.
G J HICKS.—Thanks; the problem shall appear.
R HUN.—Look at the problems against you. You will find that there is no escape for the Black Kings in the way you suggest.
ROGER S (Hanley).—The same composer.
W PRESTON (Wolverhampton).—The position in two moves shall be examined, but the condition problem is unsuitable for the column.
CROSSER (BAN HAYG CHISS ROOMS (Leytonstone)).—In sending a solution of a three-move problem, the main play is sufficient.
REV. G NOLAN (New Orleans).—Very acceptable, and very pretty.
R. C. H. (Chelsea).—Your problem to hand. You may expect a report shortly.
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3175 received from Fied Lung (Santiago, Chili); of Nos. 3181 and 3183 from Hari Singh (India); of No. 3180 from Elizabeth (Stamford Hill, J. Holman (Kampen, Holland), Gertrude M. Field (Athol, Mass.), C. Field Junior (Athol, Mass.), Carl Prencze (Hamburg), D. B. R. (Olan), and Geo. Devey Farmer, M.J. (Ancaster, Ontario); of No. 3187 from A. Belcher (Weymouth, Dorset), Captain J. J. Challies (Great Yarmouth, F. B. Smith (Rochdale), D. H. Newton (Kington), and Roger S. (Hanley); of No. 3188 from Laura Greaves (Redmarshall), Roger S. (Hanley), H. A. Sims (Clapham), O. H. H. (Liban), A. Bagot (Duldon), F. B. (Worthing). The Clarks' Exchange Chess Rooms (Leytonstone), Doryman, J. D. Tucker (Hilley), W. Hamilton-Gill (Exeter), Thomas Wetherall (Manchester), Carl Prencze (Hamburg), Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), The Tid, F. Edle (Canterbury), J. Holman (Kampen), H. A. Sims (Clapham), Sorrento, B. Messenger (Bridgend), D. Newton (Lisbon), Charles Burnett, Captain J. A. Challies (Great Yarmouth), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Philip Daly (Brighton), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), T. Roberts, H. J. Plumb (Sandhurst), A. S. Brown (Daisley), Hereward, Frank Gowing (Bruce Grove), and G. S. Slingfield Johnson (Cobham).
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3182 received from Albert Wolff (Putney), E. E. Rodway (Troxbridge), Robert Boe (Colchester), Doryman, Shadforth, F. Henderson (Leeds), Captain J. A. Challies (Great Yarmouth), A. Belcher (Weymouth), J. J. Beecham (Holland), Joseph Cook, H. J. Plumb (Sandhurst), F. B. Worthing, Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), Edith Corner (Kington), C. G. G. (Glasgow), T. Roberts, J. D. Tucker (Hilley), W. Hamilton-Gill (Exeter), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), Hereward, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F. B. Smith (Rochdale), R. W. W. (Canterbury), F. A. Hancock (Histon), Charles Burnett, J. W. Haynes, F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), G. S. Slingfield Johnson (Cobham), A. Taylor (Brighton), J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham), and H. S. Brandreth (Weybridge).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3188.—By A. W. DANIEL.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to B 5th Any move
2. Q, Kt, P, or R mates.

PROBLEM No. 3191.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE. BLACK.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in a match between Chicago and Philadelphia.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. Grooms).	BLACK (Mr. Jones).
1. P to K 4th	14. B to B 2nd
2. P to K 5th	15. Kt takes P
3. P takes P	16. Kt to K 4th
4. P to K 4th	17. P to K 5th
5. K to B 3rd	18. B to K 4th
6. B to Q 3rd	19. P to B 4th
7. Castles	20. R takes B
8. R to K sq	21. H to Kt 3rd
9. K to Q 2nd	22. Kt takes P
10. Kt to B 4th	23. Q to K 4th
11. B to B 4th	24. Q takes Kt
12. B to K 3rd	25. Kt to K 7th
13. P to B 3rd	26. R to K 4th

Two moves are still clear, but White pushing his attack all the time, as his next move is clearly shown.

A very ill judged capture which brings on instant disaster. After this nothing can be done to save the game.

Black is a little wanting in boldness. It is better here to bring the Queen to the Bishop's support than to retire the Bishop on the Queen.

Black has conducted his game admirably in the last four moves.

Game played in a telegraphic match between the Franklin and Chicago Chess Clubs.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. Brown).	BLACK (Mr. Robinson).
1. P to K 4th	14. B to B 2nd
2. P to K 5th	15. Kt takes P
3. P takes P	16. Kt to K 4th
4. P to K 4th	17. P to K 5th
5. K to B 3rd	18. B to K 4th
6. B to Q 3rd	19. P to B 4th
7. Castles	20. R takes B
8. R to K sq	21. H to Kt 3rd
9. K to Q 2nd	22. Kt takes P
10. Kt to B 4th	23. Q to K 4th
11. B to B 4th	24. Q takes Kt
12. B to K 3rd	25. Kt to K 7th
13. P to B 3rd	26. R to K 4th

Two moves are still clear, but White pushing his attack all the time, as his next move is clearly shown.

A very ill judged capture which brings on instant disaster. After this nothing can be done to save the game.

Black is a little wanting in boldness. It is better here to bring the Queen to the Bishop's support than to retire the Bishop on the Queen.

Black has conducted his game admirably in the last four moves.

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THE GREYNESS OF RUSSIA.

Russia is predominantly grey. Everything is low-toned—the people, the literature, the landscape. The train passes through dreary stretches of pine forests, affording distant peeps of tiny, scattered hamlets of log-cabins. This aloofness from the world, this dreariness and isolation, make it difficult for the man who knows his Russia to believe in the near prospect of Revolution. Doubtless there will be troubles—shootings and conflicts between soldiers and people—but Revolution, in the organised sense of the word, seems to be out of the question.

The greyness in the lives of the Russian peasantry is reflected in their literature. The stories of the novelists are atmospheric studies in temperament rather than dramatic plots. Take, for instance, Tchekhov, who rarely adventures upon a real narrative. He has a wonderful way—something in the manner of Xavier de Maistre—of writing round a familiar object. He will construct a philosophy out of an old boot lying beneath a bed. He employs no coloured words, no imagery, as Gorky often does. His style, in fact, is a glorification of the commonplace. Sometimes there is a species of plot discernible, as in his story of a doctor, summoned to attend a man's wife, suffering, it was supposed, from heart complaint. "But," says the doctor, "I have just lost my son, and I cannot come." A living woman is of greater concern than a dead son, urges the distracted husband. The doctor yields, obliterating his grief in a conception of duty. He arrives at the house and finds that the alleged illness is a mere ruse to get the husband out of the way whilst the guilty wife elopes with a comedian. We have a picture of the two men disputing in one of the rooms of the house. Both feel they have been duped and both are angry, each holding the other in some way responsible for his troubles. And yet in this dispute they hardly raise their voices above the conversational tone. Notwithstanding this seeming lack of colour in Tchekhov's works, they have been very successfully presented on the stage in St. Petersburg and Moscow. One is struck with the excellence of the acting and the skill with which "the atmospheric effects" are produced.

Maxim Gorky interprets, very much as Tchekhov does, the prevailing sadness of the Russian peasantry, their fatalism, their irresolution, their wandering ideas, their impracticable dreams. Even the *Intelligentsia* are undecided in their views. They will talk of their desire for a Constitution, but their talk is not practical. They have no definite aims—merely a vague longing for some scheme of popular representation which should give voice to the national aspirations. The recent meeting of the Zemstvos at Moscow urged the granting of universal suffrage as the basis of Parliamentary representation—universal suffrage where half the peasantry cannot read!

You will even find the people talking of a New Zealand Constitution—that is to say, the most democratic and advanced Constitution that exists in the world to-day. On the other hand, there is a certain truth in the suggestion that Russia, by her nature and constitution, is formed for democracy. Properly speaking, there is no aristocracy, such as we know it in England. There is no law of primogeniture. At the head of the nation is the Tsar, and below him are the nobles and the great mass of the peasantry. But the nobles have practically no social or political basis as a separate order of society. A functionary after so many years' service is raised to noble rank. All his children are noble, and, consequently, in a few generations the title is vulgarised, carrying with it no sense of aristocratic dignity and exclusiveness. Nobles and sons of nobles enter freely into the professions. Yet, in spite of this democratisation of the nobility, there is a strange and rigid caste which prevails throughout society from the top to the bottom. Gorky, though of world-wide reputation as a writer, is described in the charge made against him for participation in the popular movement of Jan. 22 last, which resulted in the shooting of hundreds of students and working-men in the streets of St. Petersburg, as a "freeman artisan." A peasant always remains a peasant, though he come to great fortune, unless he takes legal steps to alter the description on his passport. Nevertheless, it is true there is no proper aristocracy or middle class.

But there are hopeful signs. The Zemstvos have shown a marvellous capacity for self-government in the districts in which they have been set up. There is a marked difference in the local life of those provinces where the administration is in the hands of a Governor from where it is in those of a popularly elected body. In the former case, everything is at a standstill. There is little public movement, no spur to local patriotism, and a complete stagnation of collective enterprise.

But in the self-governed centres people feel there is something to strive for, something to hope for. They bestir themselves in local schemes. Some of the districts are models of good government. They have done much for the intellectual and material development of their constituents. Schools have been established, cheap literature distributed, people's theatres erected, and tramway-lines laid down. It is true that local enterprise has not yet taken the form of good roads, but that, perhaps, is to expect too much.

With these signs to go upon, we may not be far wrong in assuming that Russia's salvation is to be found in a Parliament, if there is a genuine desire to bestow it. One of the misfortunes of Russian autocracy is that it is a house divided against itself. The Tsar and his Ministers are never of a perfect accord. An Imperial ukase, appearing to initiate some valuable reform, is swept away or nullified by a Ministerial decree. One of the real dangers in the system is the lack of co-ordination of the Government Departments. Not the least of the arguments for a Russian Constitution is that it will make for the strength and independence of the Imperial throne.

THE KING'S GREAT GARDEN-PARTY AT WINDSOR IN HONOUR OF THE ROYAL WEDDING.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.

Crown Prince of Sweden.



Prince of Wales.

Prince Gustavus.

Princess Margaret.

Crown Princess of Sweden. The Queen.

The King.

Chinese Minister.

THE ROYAL CIRCLE AT THE GARDEN-PARTY: A PRESENTATION TO THE QUEEN.

On June 13, the day before the wedding of Princess Margaret with Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, the King and Queen gave a great garden-party in the grounds of Windsor Castle. Its numbered six thousand, and represented everything that is most important in the national life—Parliament, Navy, the Army, the Church, the Bar, Science, Art, and the Stage.

Prince Arthur of Connaught, Prince of Wales.
The Duke of Wales.

Duchess of Edin. Duke of Edin. Grand Duchess of Baden.
The Queen. Princess Victoria.
Crown Prince of Sweden. Duke of Connaught. Duchess of Connaught. Crown Princess of Sweden.

Bishop of Oxford.

Archbishop of Canterbury. Prince William of Sweden.

Chaplain General.



Prince Albert of Wales. Princess Beatrice of Saxe Coburg. Princess Mary. Princess Esau. Princess Patricia.

Lord Chamberlain. Prince Eugene of Sweden.

Princess Christian.

The King.

THE ALLIANCE BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND SWEDEN: THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT WITH PRINCE GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN AT WINDSOR, JUNE 15.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

The officiating clergy were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Oxford, the Dean and the Vicar of Windsor, and the Chaplain General of the Forces. In his address to Prince and Princess Gustavus the Archbishop recalled how in St. George's, Windsor, the ancient chapel of the Knights of the Garter, the scene of last Thursday's ceremony, had hung the banner of Gustavus Adolphus, who nearly three hundred years ago was admitted to the Companionship of the Order. The bride was given away by her father, the Duke of Connaught, and the bridegroom was supported by Princes William and Eugene of Sweden.

NORWAY'S GREAT ACT OF SEPARATION: SCENES OF THE DISSOLUTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WORM PETERSEN AND HILFING RASMUSSEN.



1. MR. LOVLAND, MINISTER OF STATE, RETURNING FROM STOCKHOLM, GREETED OUTSIDE THE RAILWAY STATION, CHRISTIANIA.
3. THE PROCLAMATION OF DISSOLUTION PUBLISHED IN THE CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR, CHRISTIANIA, ON WHIT SUNDAY.
5. THE SEVERANCE FROM SWEDEN: THE SCENE IN THE STORTING DURING THE READING OF THE ACT OF DISSOLUTION.

2. THE SYMBOL OF NORWAY'S INDEPENDENCE: THE HOISTING OF THE NEW NORWEGIAN FLAG, JUNE 9.
4. THE LAST OF THE OLD SYMBOL OF THE JOINT KINGDOMS: STRIKING THE UNION FLAG AT THE FORT OF AKERSHUS, CHRISTIANIA, JUNE 9.

IN JAPANESE PORT ARTHUR: RELICS OF THE SIEGE.

FIVE PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES RICALTON, COPYRIGHT UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.



1. MILLIONS OF LOST RUSSIAN CARTRIDGES: AMMUNITION BURNED IN THE ARSENAL, SET ON FIRE BY JAPANESE SHELLS.

2. A SHELL-PROOF PRIVATE RETREAT BEHIND A HOUSE IN THE NEW TOWN OF PORT ARTHUR. The shelter was constructed with heavy timbers and iron girders, thickly embanked with clay. This would stop small shell, but could easily be pierced by a 10-in or 11-in. shell.

3. A JAPANESE ARMY CHAPLAIN: THE BUDDHIST PRIEST OF THE THIRD ARMY.

4. A WRECKED HOUSE NEAR THE NIRUDZAN FORT. Nirudzan was the strongest of the landward defences. The house stood within a hundred yards of the main batteries of Nirudzan.

5. GOOD CENTRING SHOTS: THE RUINED RUSSO-CHINESE BANK UNDER JAPANESE GUARD.



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HEATFIELD SQUIRE.



THE WINNER OF THE CHALLENGE CUP FOR HACKS:
MR. WALTER WINANS' SUNBEAM.

THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW: A CHAMPION AND TWO WINNERS.



PRETORIA'S WELCOME TO THE NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER: THE PRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES TO LORD SELBORNE OPPOSITE THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NISSEN.

Lord Selborne arrived at Pretoria on May 23, and was heartily welcomed by the British and the Dutch. The municipalities and public associations presented addresses, but there were none from the purely Dutch organisations. Lord Selborne, in reply, expressed his gratitude for the sympathy and the offers he had received of co-operation in the task before him.

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Photo. Fradette and Young.

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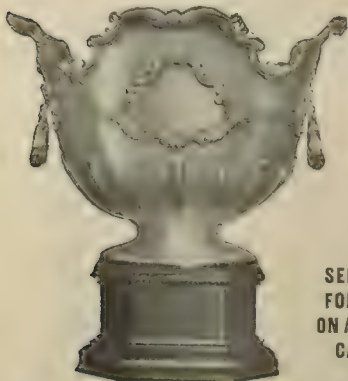
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LADIES' PAGES.

A royal garden-party is an excellent plan for including a very large number of representative persons in the celebration of any event of widespread interest—as the marriage of one of the King's nieces to the heir to a throne certainly may be counted. In the days when motors and railways were not, good King George and Queen Charlotte used to hold a sort of informal garden-party, as Fanny Burney tells us, every week at Windsor. The public could not then flock in its thousands to any place where royal personages were to be seen, as modern ease of communication would at present allow, and so their Majesties of that day were able to walk in a family procession amidst the comparatively limited number of their subjects who covered the slopes in Windsor Park every Sunday. The garden-party on the eve of the royal wedding was as near an approach to such a public reception of their people by the Sovereigns as modern conditions allow. Every department of the national life was represented among the six thousand guests—peers and peeresses, authors and journalists, artists, actors and actresses, Bishops, and the leading ministers of the Nonconformist denominations were alike invited. The general view (why have we no English equivalent for *coup d'œil*?) was charming. Every bright colour, white predominating, visible in the dresses and sunshades of the ladies, and spread over the grass, under a sky of perfect blue, with a background of foliage, made up a delightfully gay scene. People were moving about and talking in freedom, but the closer grouping and assemblage of colour at a central point showed where the royal family party was standing or walking, for on leaving the tent where they received a few chosen friends to take tea, their Majesties walked about amongst their guests without formality, speaking to acquaintances, however, every few minutes. The Queen looked charming in her favourite mauve; the gown of satin-de-Chine, the toque touched with silver embroideries, and the feather boa were all of the same delicate purple tint. The rest of the royal party were mostly in grey, but Princess Victoria wore blue voile, and the bride-elect cream-coloured soft silk.

An extraordinary number of white dresses was worn. The Duchess of Portland had white taffetas with a long lace coat over it; Lady Garvagh was in white taffetas with touches of pale blue, and Lady Stern in white silk broderie Anglaise. It is always safe to wear this negative colour, and this are the women who do not look well so attired, with perhaps a picturesque touch of black or of some colour suiting the complexion. Next in popularity seemed to be pale blue, once the blonde's peculiar property as a colour, but of late adopted not



A GOWN FOR A GARDEN-PARTY.

White chiffon is laid in tucks on both corsage and skirt, with bands of fine lace interposed. Ostrich feather boa, and hat of ermine.

unsatisfactorily by brunettes as well. A pale-blue pleated chiffon hat with white shaded to blue feathers, or sky-blue plumes alone, was a frequent vision, and what could be more charming on that bright day against the delicate green of the surroundings? Yes, pale blue can be commended for garden-party wear! Amongst its wearers was the Countess of Lonsdale, who adopted the colour in the form of taffetas chiffon trimmed with many ruchings of the same material, and pale-blue velvet tiny bows set down the lace vest; the hat, of the newest tilted fashion, was white chip-trimmed with a wreath of cornflowers and ribbons to match. Lady Crossley had a delightful pale-blue taffetas partly draped with mousseline-de-soie, embroidered in a floral design in delicate tinted silks, sky-blue predominating; with this went a small round toque, having a pale-blue feather set erect at the left side.

Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox brought her charming young daughter, who is a débutante of the year, and who was dressed in pale-blue silk muslin and a picture-hat of white erin trimmed with blue satin ribbon rosettes and pink roses. Lady Algernon herself wore black muslin over white, with a little trimming of blue at the vest. Lady Ludlow was another of the wearers of the sweet sky-colour; her dress of blue taffetas was richly embroidered in tones of blue, and her hat was one of the many pleated blue chiffon ones, trimmed with a shaded blue ostrich plume. Two more beautiful young wearers of blue were the Countess of Dalhousie, whose dress was in crêpe-de-Chine, with a deep belt of blue satin; and the Hon. Mrs. E. Guinness, in a pale-blue gauze Ninon with insertions of Irish point and a toque to match. Still, other tints than blue and departures from white were abundant. Another of the charming débutantes of the season, Lady Marjorie Manners, was in a becoming shade of heliotrope, made in picture fashion with a white fichu. The Countess of Kinnoul had a wonderful combination of soft dark rose silk and a white taffetas brocaded with rosebuds; the swathed bodice was brocade on the one side and pink on the other. The Marchioness of Tweeddale wore a shot blue and green taffetas, and the Countess of Gosford purple taffetas lightly draped with chiffon.

Lady Gosford's daughter, Lady Alexandra Acheson, who was with her mother at the garden-party and at the wedding at Windsor, was herself on the eve of her bridal day. She was married on the following Saturday to the youngest son of the Earl of Derby, Captain the Hon. Frederick Stanley; and St. George's, Hanover Square, that scene of many beautiful wedding ceremonies, never saw a finer occasion. The bride is Queen Alexandra's goddaughter, and is the grandchild of one of the most intimate friends of the King and Queen—the "double Duchess"—now of Devonshire, by her previous marriage to the Duke of Manchester; hence the wedding reception was held at Devonshire House. The beautiful presents on view included a unique and

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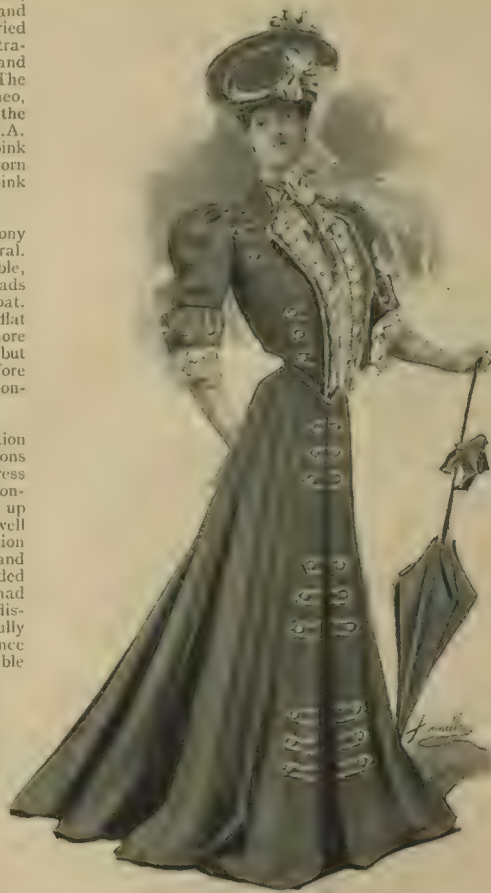
PALL MALL EAST, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.

lovely ornament from the Queen; it is a sort of tiara, having a cornucopia in brilliants set on a waved band of diamonds, and filled with branches of flowers carried out in diamonds and rubies. The bride, in the traditional white satin covered with exquisite lace and embroidery, was followed by eight bridesmaids. The two first were her sisters, the Ladies Mary and Theo, who formed with Lady Alexandra; the present bride, the subjects of a noted picture, by Sargent in the R.A. Exhibition two years ago. Their dresses were all of pink mousseline-de-soie, but shaded from blush-rose tint, worn by the two children who carried the train, to deep pink for the last two, the whole effect being picturesque.

The bridegroom's gift to the maids was in harmony with their costumes, being pendants of pink coral. This, by the way, has recently become very fashionable, especially as earrings or in the form of round beads strung of just the right length to go round the throat. If each bead is separated from its neighbour by a flat cut-crystal plaque, the whole is by so much the more fashionable. Some of the coral used is neatly white, but this takes on a fine sheen; it is the rarer and therefore the more costly. Amethyst beads are another fashionable form of necklet, and amber is sometimes seen.

Ascot was a little dethroned from its usual position as the smartest event of the season by the attractions of the royal garden-party; but nevertheless the dress was very beautiful. Millinery is in an eclectic "condition," and large hats and small hats, those tipped up and those turning down mushroom-wise, were all well worn. A touch of black on white gave distinction still; but white alone was predominant. Fichus and shoulder-scarves were adopted to give an added touch of grace to many gowns, while others had deep waistbelts and close-fitting corsages that disdained any accessory which might conceal the carefully drawn in wasp-waist, which, alas! is beginning once more to afflict our eyes after the long period of sensible dress that we have been enjoying. Figured silk muslins were delightful, and lace coats of varying length added to the effect without concealing the gown worn beneath them. The wraps that were intended to be taken off after a time were as lovely as the frocks very often. Pale-blue muslin lined with chène silk made one such so-called wrap, and pink shot heliotrope silk covered with Irish crochet embroidered over with flowers in many-coloured silks was another. This season has certainly brought us many light, charming, and sumptuous devices in dress.

The opera is so favourite a resort with the Queen and so frequently patronised by the King that it is no wonder it is one of the most fashionable of the season's functions. Fortunately, the fullest of dress is considered correct, so that people can come on from the grandest of dinners or look in for a couple of hours' enjoyment of the performance



UTILITY GOWN IN BLUE SERGE.

Smart enough for country afternoon calls, yet useful for travelling or yachting, is this blue serge dress trimmed with tabs of stiff piped with white, and buttons.

before proceeding to late balls and receptions. The boxes on the two principal tiers passing all round the house, so that the flashing tiaras and other jewels and fine dresses of the ladies who line the front rows are unbroken by less full-dressed people, the stalls covering the floor and requiring full dress, so that everywhere the effect is unbroken, make altogether a singularly brilliant scene, certainly the best society entertainment that is open to the world at large, apart from the music, which is so excellently done now. White and black dresses are much worn, either being effective under the bright yet soft lighting of the house. The Duchess of Bedford and Countess de Grey, who occupy the stage boxes opposite each other, and are both very regular attendants, nearly always wear white, with diamonds on the head and throat. The other evening I saw the Countess of Minto in white satin, and wearing pink roses with it and beautiful diamonds, accompanied by her two pretty daughters, also in white; the Countess of Radnor in black net with silver embroideries; Lady Carew in black net, with crimson roses and diamond and ruby ornaments; and the Hon. Lady Miller in white and silver, and with diamond and turquoise ornaments. The Duchess of Marlborough wore black too, but it was well covered with her fine pearls mingled with diamonds. Lady Maud Warrender wore red velvet, and Lady Grey heliotrope satin with amethysts and pink roses. Mrs. Patrick Campbell was in a box, looking sadly wan still from her accident several months ago, but prettily dressed in white and pink brocade.

It is pleasing to learn that Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg, amidst all the distractions of her London season, and though she is still so young, has been taking an interest in the poor and unfortunate of this great and sadly mixed Metropolis. One day the young Princess paid a visit of close inspection to a big London workhouse, and carefully studied every arrangement for the administration of communal charity therein—a charity of which many of the recipients are undeserving, certainly, but which is also a sure and ever-ready refuge to prevent the worst wretchedness overwhelming the infirm, the aged, and the destitute. A day or two later Princess Beatrice accompanied her cousin, Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Christian's daughter, on a visit to the Royal Free Hospital, of the Ladies' Committee of which the elder of the young royal visitors is president. The Royal Free Hospital has the distinction of being the only one at which women medical students are permitted to prepare for their professional work, so that it is fitting that royal ladies should take a special interest in it, as Princess Christian and her daughters have done. It is a great general hospital, taking all cases, as is necessary for a medical student's instruction. The two young Princesses visited all the wards and spoke to many of the patients, to their great pleasure.

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LEVER BROTHERS, LTD., PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

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ART NOTES.

The Pastel Society holds its exhibition in the rooms of the Institute, Piccadilly. Even more clearly than in galleries of oil or water-colour, it is but a minority here that really seizes the capabilities and limitations—the heart—of the material. Or it may be that we are accustomed to see oil-painting executed without much sense of paint, and water-colours used deliberately as though they were oils. Pastel is rarer, and a misunderstanding of its character strikes us more forcibly. Moreover, the minority is actually very small, in this collection. The more famous members of the Society—with a few exceptions—do not exhibit. There is nothing by Mr. Abbey, M. Bepard, Mr. Clausen, Professor Legros, Mr. Stott, Mr. Brangwyn, Mr. Swan, or Mr. Orchardson. But the high-water mark of the collection is a very high one indeed. It is touched by Mr. Brabazon in his lovely and spiritual and purely artistic drawings of Capri, Rome, the Alps, and Oaklands Park. Illumination, visionary colour, and distinction of sight and touch are the qualities of these most delicate and tender works.

Mr. Charles Fromuth is spirited and direct in colour and design, and in the darks and lights of his vigorous "Brittany Harbour, October," and "Brittany Harbour, November." M. E. Boudin fills with a charming light the pleasant greys of his "Stormy Sky" and other marines; and Mr. Henry Muhman is harmonious in the dull tones he loves, in his "Market Day, Meissen."

Mr. Joseph Pennell exhibits his rather whimsical but able drawings for Mr. Maurice Hewlett's recent book on Tuscany; and Mr. Conder has a very beautiful fan-design, "The Terrace." Mr. le Sidaner's "Le Palais de Versailles" is among his best snow-scenes; and Mr. Grosvenor Thomas, Mr. F. W. Carter, Mr. J. R. K. Duff, M. Gaston la Touche, Mr. Terrick Williams, Mr. Mura, Mrs. Sutro, Mr. Priestman, M. Jures, and Miss Amy Sawyer have done work of various value.

Mr. A. H. Savage-Landor is showing at the Æolian Hall in Bond Street a series of pictures of Tibet and Nepal which are well worth a visit. Here we have the thing seen by a traveller, not merely the fancy of the studio. The artist is that rather rare person among artists, a man of science; and in his treatment of the glacier, for instance, this uncovenanted knowledge certainly tells. Of his powers of observation Mr. Savage-

Landor has given proof already in his literature and in such a lecture as that which he delivered the other afternoon at the Royal Institution. In his art they are again conspicuous, and very seldom have records so interesting and so faithful as these been submitted to the public eye.

Mr. Sargent is to paint a group of medical men—not, however, of our own nation. Americans they are, but Professor Osler, one of the number, is now in a certain sense an official Englishman. Perhaps a group of famous men of science of home growth may yet fall to the brush of Mr. Sargent. Medical life has yielded



AFTER RECONSTRUCTION: THE REGENT HOTEL, LEAMINGTON.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GRAHAM.

The Regent Hotel, Leamington, familiar to three generations of patrons of Leamington Spa, has been entirely rebuilt and renovated on the most modern lines. The new building includes a magnificent dining-room, which is arranged with a floor set on resilient springs, so that it can easily be used as a ball-room. Everything, indeed, has been done to secure the comfort and convenience of visitors. To the attractions of the new hotel a motor-garage will shortly be added. The cuisine is most recherché.

great subjects in the past; and though demonstration in anatomy might not be much to the mind of Mr. Sargent, it will be a thousand pities if the most vital of portrait-painters does not leave to posterity his presentment of such a man, say, as the world's greatest life-saver, Lord Lister.

W. M.

At the recent Guildhall Banquet the floral decorations of the tables were by Madame Butchart, who acts for the caterers, Messrs. Ring and Brymer.



THE FIRST PRIZE FOR THE CLYDE YACHT CLUB RACES.

The first prize is a massive gilt cup, modelled after the famous Heidelberg Cup. The body of the vase is beautifully chased, and further embellished with scroll ornamentation. This and the second and third prizes were awarded by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, 112, Regent Street, W.

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Offer THOSE ABOUT TO FURNISH
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100 SPECIMEN ROOMS

illustrative of HOW TO FURNISH in
GOOD TASTE at MODERATE OUTLAY

THESE CAN BE VIEWED IN THEIR NEW GALLERIES in TOTTENHAM COURT
ROAD and CONSTITUTE THE ONLY TRUE TEST OF SUITABILITY AND VALUE

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The "GENTLEWOMAN" says:—

"The clean wholesome smell of WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP is in itself a recommendation, and the freshness felt after using is really exhilarating. Further, it has found favour amongst members of the medical profession, who advocate its daily use as a toilet soap and as an invaluable disinfectant."

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The old idea of trying to make a young infant adapt itself to an unsuitable food is wrong. Every sensible mother knows that a farinaceous food which nourishes a child of 12 months would make a baby of one month ill. Never give a starchy food to children under five or six months of age; it is worse than useless, as young infants cannot digest starch, and the giving of such foods has much to do with the illness and malnutrition amongst young children.

The only sensible and rational plan is to give suitable foods adapted to the age and growing needs of the child's digestive organs, and this is provided by

The Allenburys' Foods.

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The most suitable food for Infants from birth to three months of age. So like mother's milk that it can be given alternately with the breast with perfect comfort to the child.

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For babies between the ages of three and six months. Simply No. 1 strengthened to meet the increasing wants of the baby. It also gives a needed stimulus to, and strengthens the digestive organs.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Salisbury's sermon at the Sherborne Pageant was a fine effort, and was generally admitted to have been worthy of the occasion. Not the least valuable passages were those describing the work of the Anglo-Saxon Church in the first century of its history. The conversion of the people came from above rather than from below, Kings, nobles, bishops, and abbesses working together. The Bishop reminded his hearers that the history of Sherborne is in no small degree the history of England during the golden age of the English Church.

The enthronement of the Bishop of Gloucester (Dr. Gibson) was a very stately ceremony. The Bishop of Dover enthroned the new prelate, and the remainder of the service was conducted by the Dean. The Mayor and Corporation attended, and part of the nave was reserved for the clergy, churchwardens, Nonconformist ministers, and representatives of public bodies.

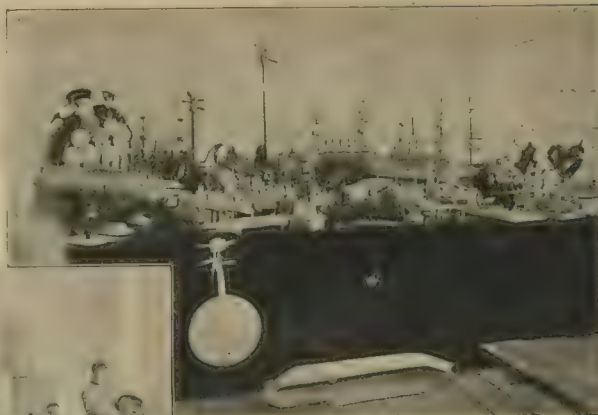
No German holiday-resort has grown more rapidly in recent years than Bad-Neuenahr, near Bonn. This summer many English visitors are taking the waters, and the need of a new service-room has been felt. On Whit-Sunday a room for worship was opened in the recently-built Kurhaus. The lessons were read by Prebendary Fraser, of Chichester, and the sermon was preached by the chaplain, the Rev. S. Hobson. An altar-table has been promised by the Bishop of Salisbury.

Bishop Ryle delivered an eloquent address on foreign missions last week in Winchester Cathedral. While admitting that the slow progress of the Gospel



JAPANESE PRISONERS AT WORK.

is sometimes disheartening, he pointed out that the growth of truth throughout the ages had been gradual. "Missionary work is one of the most important of the duties of the Church, and in the light of its problems the petty divisions of the Church at home sink



EXHIBITION OF MODELS MADE BY JAPANESE CAPTIVES.

THE USUAL OCCUPATION OF PRISONERS OF WAR: MODEL-MAKING AS PRACTISED BY THE JAPANESE CAPTIVES IN RUSSIA.

In the days of the Napoleonic wars the prisoners on both sides amused themselves at model-making, and many exquisite little ships in ivory dating from that period appear now and then in the sale-rooms and at exhibitions. The Japanese prisoners in the government of Novgorod have fallen upon the same method of killing time, and are reproducing Togo's fleet in miniature. They also make toy soldiers, fireworks, artificial flowers, and carvings in the archaic manner of Japanese art.

Championship, Gentlemen's Doubles Championship, Ladies Singles Championship, the All England Plate, the Open Mixed Doubles, and Open Ladies' Doubles. The draw for the Championship will take place on June 24.

into insignificance. Those who work in the mission-field realise more profoundly than we at home what the unity of the Church of Jesus-Christ means."

Bishop Cecil Wilson, of Melanesia, has gone in the steamer *Southern Cross* for an extended cruise among the mission stations from Pentecost Island to the Solomon group. Should time permit, he hopes to visit New Guinea, and will be away from his headquarters till November. V.

The All-England Lawn-Tennis and Croquet Club have arranged to hold the 1905 Championship Meeting at the Club Grounds, Wimbledon, on June 26 and following days. The events comprise the Gentlemen's Singles

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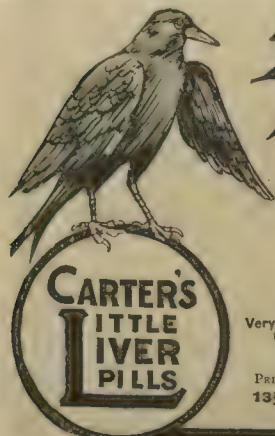
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THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R. N.

The more we learn of the tactics of Togo at Tushima the more apparent it becomes that the great Japanese Admiral has been an industrious student of our naval history. The organisation of his fleet was directly based upon that organisation which Nelson declared to be the best. The Japanese fleet was arranged in three squadrons, entitled the Main Squadron, the Armoured Cruiser Squadron, and the Cruiser Squadron, and these squadrons were arranged in divisions, called by the names of the flag officers in command of them. When, however, the formation of the enemy was made out, Togo did exactly as Nelson did, using two of his squadrons as one, and with these he attacked the head of the enemy's more important line; while the Cruiser Squadron was ordered to follow a course previously planned and to attack the enemy's rear. It was not until after the enemy's organisation had been disordered, when, in fact, the *mêlée* had succeeded the battle in line, that Togo separated his squadrons into their component divisions and dispatched those to complete the rout.

Another point of interest may be remarked in the Japanese Admiral's report, as it corroborates the assumption previously made in this column. It will be remembered that there was a doubt as to whether

the Russian battle-ships were on the port or starboard column when the enemy was sighted. It now is clear that whereas they were at one time in the port column, soon after three o'clock a change was made, when they headed to the north, and then took station on the starboard hand, the armoured cruisers passing under their stern becoming the port column. It was at this time also that Togo repeated those movements which had been noticed in the action of Aug. 10, and twice reversed the order of the main and armoured-cruiser squadrons by turning sixteen points, on the first occasion turning to port and on the second to starboard. By this tactical movement, the Japanese Admiral, having the superior speed, was enabled, as it were, to head off the enemy, pressing them to the southward, thus indicating the value of speed as a tactical factor.

Those interested in advertising will welcome "Penson's Facts for Advertisers," an excellent handbook giving every possible particular regarding this most important branch of business. The work is copiously illustrated with maps and plates.

In a former number, the regiment of which the King of Spain is Colonel-in-Chief was mentioned as the 15th Hussars, instead of the 16th Lancers.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 29, 1903) of SIR REGINALD HANSON, BART., of 4, Bryanston Square, Lord Mayor of London 1886-7, and a former M.P. for the City, who died on April 19, was proved on June 10 by Sir David Evans, Charles Edwin Roberts, and George Adolphus Patten, the value of the estate amounting to £495,416. The testator gives to his wife, Dame Constance Hanson, £1000, and during her widowhood the income from £100,000 and the use of his residence and effects, or an annuity of £1000 should she again marry; to each executor £500; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves as to two sixths each, in trust, for his sons Gerald and Francis, and one sixth each, in trust, for his daughters Mrs. Maude Constance Ward and Mrs. Violet Mabel Durlacher.

The will (dated May 17, 1904) of COLONEL GEORGE GLAS SANDEMAN, of 34, Grosvenor Gardens, and Fonab Moulin, Perth, who died on March 13, has been proved by George Amelius Crawshaw Sandeman, the son, the value of the estate amounting to £240,252. The testator bequeaths £25,000, in trust, for his son, and legacies to trustees and servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his son absolutely.

The will and codicil of MR. WILLIAM PEARCE JONES, of the Manor House, East Finchley, and of Holloway Road, N., who died on May 12, was proved

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Guaranteed
Two Years.

No. 3.—Grandfather
Clock, quaint design
(as illustration), fine
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Best quality movement.
Striking on gong. Brass
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Brown & Polson's
"Patent" Corn Flour

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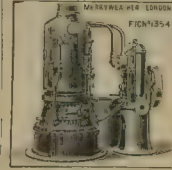
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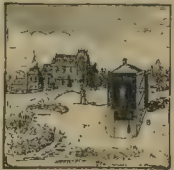
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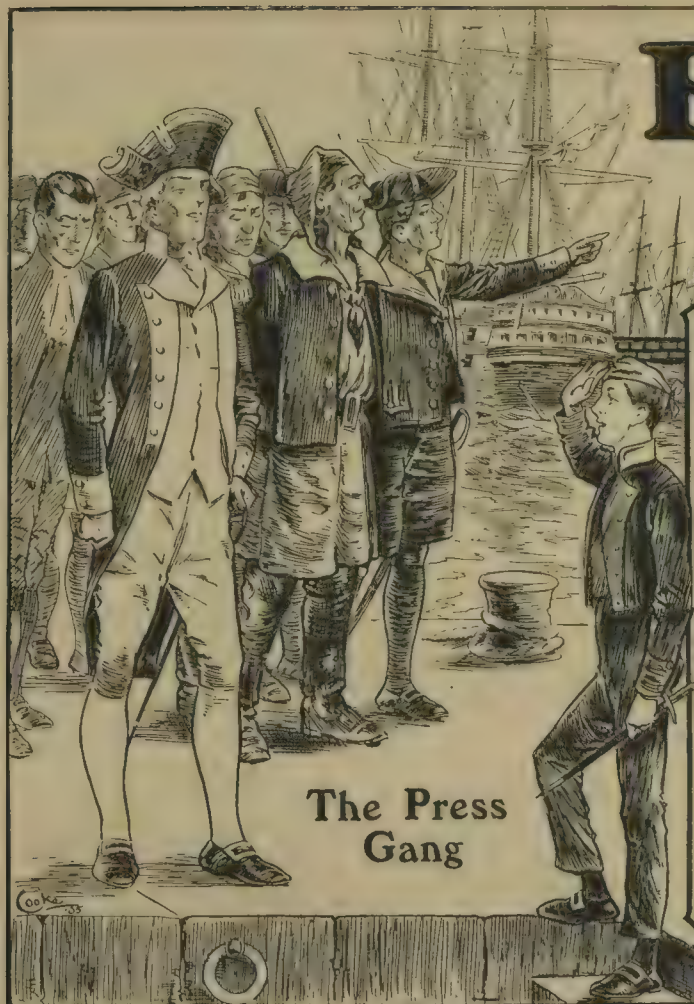
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on June 9 by Harry Smith, John Pritchard Jones, Henry Harris Johnstone, and William Alfred Pitt, the value of the estate being £216,767. The testator gives £250 per annum, in trust, for each of his sons Frank William, Arthur Owen, Walter, and Robert; £250 to each executor; any part still unpaid of a sum of £400 promised to the Bangor University; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his children Blanche Emma Jones, Constance Lena Johnstone, John Horace, Reginald Lewis, Harold Wynne, Maude Irene Jones, Eleanor Jessie Rees, Charles Llewellyn, Ernest Stanley, and William Alfred.

The will (dated June 10, 1892), with a codicil, of MR. WILLIAM HENRY ALEXANDER, of Shipton Bellinger, Andover, whose death took place on April 26, was proved on June 5 by Hugh Carleton Formby, the value of the real and personal estate being £202,789. The testator gives all the ground rents, lands, and premises in Brompton and Kensington appointed to

him by his father to his cousin Sybil, Lady Lascelles; a portrait of John Thurloe, by Vandyke, to the National Portrait Gallery; a portrait of a woman, by Hindhorst, to the National Gallery; £3000 to his godson Edward Alexander Kettlewell; £2000 to his goddaughter Mildred Towers; and £1000 to his cousin Ernest James. The residue of his property he leaves to Hugh Carleton Formby.

The will (dated May 3, 1903) of MR. BERESFORD SAMUEL COHEN, of 17, Chepstow Villas, Bayswater, who died on March 13, was proved on June 9 by the widow, Mrs. Victoria Cohen, the brother, Louis Samuel Cohen, and Benn Wolfe Levy, the value of the estate amounting to £183,612. The testator gives £100 per annum to his sister Charlotte Moses; £250 to the Jewish Board of Guardians; £250 for such charitable purposes as his executors may select; £200 to the Jews' Orphan Asylum (Norwood); £200 to the Jews' Hospital and Home for Incurables (South Tottenham); £100 to the

Jews' Deaf and Dumb Home (Notting Hill); £1000, the household effects, and an annuity of £2500 to his wife; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his children.

The will (dated Oct. 17, 1895), with a codicil, of MR. SAMUEL YATES HOLT DAVENPORT, of West Cliffe, Bembridge, Isle of Wight, and Walberton, Arundel, Sussex, who died on May 7, has been proved by Athelstan Arthur Baines, Captain Samuel Davenport, the son, and Thomas Hugh Anderson Denman, the value of the property being £93,816. The testator appoints £10,000 to his son Samuel; and he gives all his shares in the Graphic Company to his sons Samuel and George Holt; £500, the furniture and household effects, the use of his residences, and, during her widowhood, an annuity of £1000, or £500 per annum should she again marry, to his wife; £250 each to his executors; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his children.

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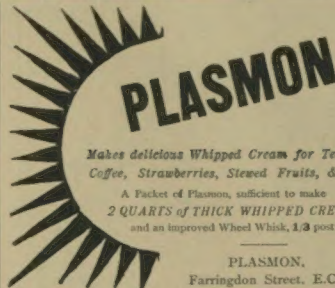
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THE RE-DISCOVERY OF THE THAMES: THE ROYAL INAUGURATION OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL STEAM-BOATS

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, JUNE 24, 1905.—1



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PROCESSION SALUTED BY H.M.S. "BUZZARD" AND THE FIRE BRIGADE, JUNE 17.

The new service of steam-boats for passenger traffic which the County Council has placed upon the Thames was formally inaugurated on June 17 by the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness embarked from Westminster Pier on board the "King Alfred," and bought his ticket for the round trip, paying fivepence in silver. The vessel, followed by the rest of the flotilla, then went down the river to Greenwich. As the Prince passed Blackfriars Bridge, he was saluted by the Naval Volunteer training-ship "Buzzard" and by one of the floats of the Fire Brigade, which gave a water-display in the form of the Prince of Wales's feathers. The Tower batteries saluted as the boats passed. On June 18 the public patronage of the steam-boats was so extensive that piers and steamers proved inadequate.



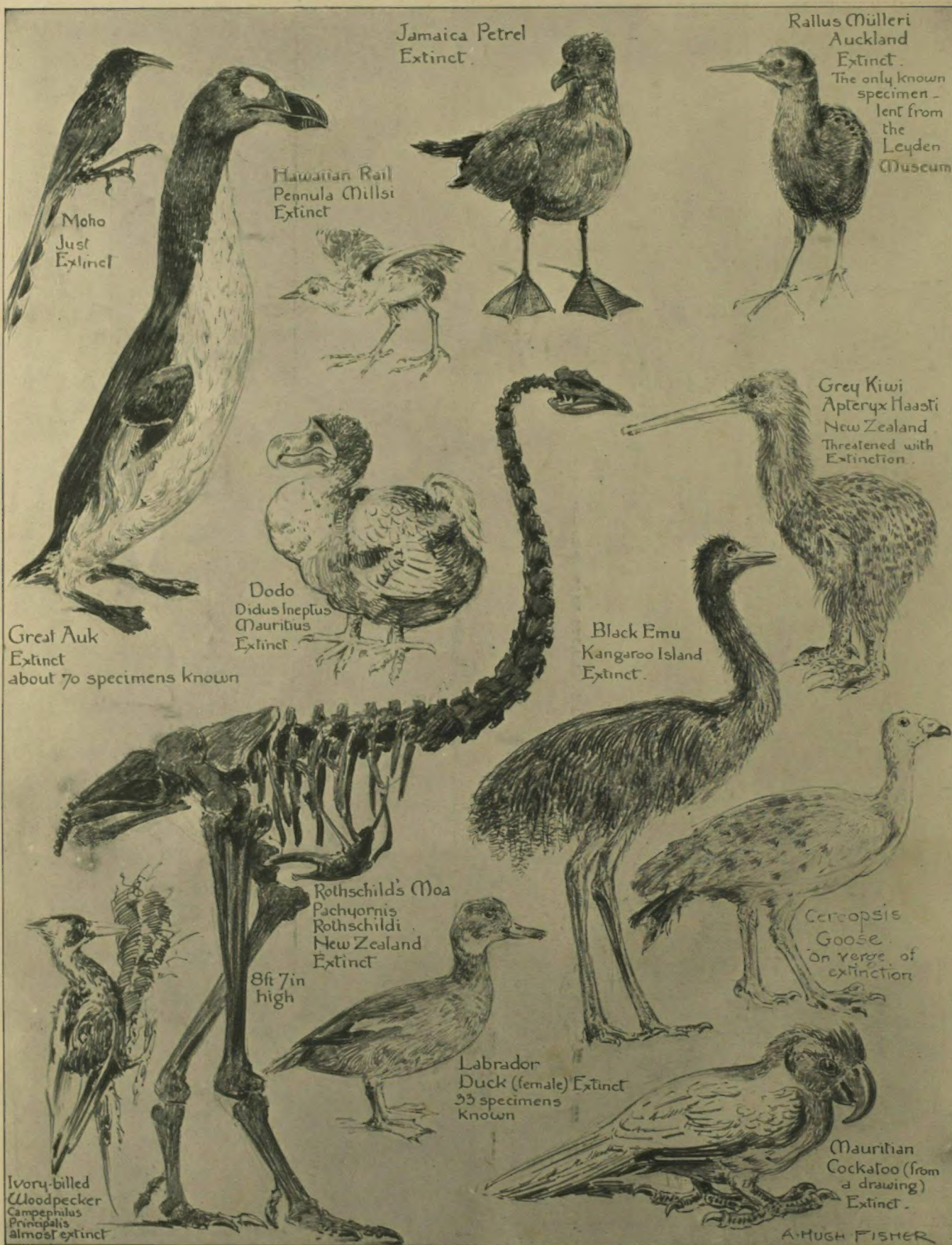
THE CONQUERED CONQUERS: CUPID INTERVENES

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

Not infrequently during the Civil War, when the Roundheads had made themselves masters of some Cavalier manor, the iron soldiers of the Parliament were forced to yield to the charms of some fair daughter of the house. It is such an incident that our Artist commemorates.

EXTINCT AND VANISHING BIRDS, FROM A GREAT PRIVATE COLLECTION.

Drawn by A. HUGH FISHER, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF MR. WALTER ROTHSCHILD.



ILLUSTRATIONS OF A LECTURE TO THE ROYAL ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S CONGRESS: SPECIMENS FROM THE HON. WALTER ROTHSCHILD'S FAMOUS MUSEUM AT TRING.

The members of the fourth International Congress of the Royal Ornithological Society, held last week at the Imperial Institute, were on Thursday entertained at Tring by Mr. Walter Rothschild. Mr. Rothschild read a paper on extinct birds and birds that are on the verge of extinction, which he illustrated with the specimens drawn from his unrivalled collection. Mr. Rothschild remarked that we are accustomed to regard the extinction of species as something in the remote past, whereas the process is still in operation.